UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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HRIST'S
OSPITAL
collections of
LMB
COLERIDGE
LEIGH HUNT

J. M. Ould Esq.
from the editor

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

GEORGE ALLEN
PUBLISHER
LONDON
156 CHARING CROSS ROAD
RUSKIN HOUSE

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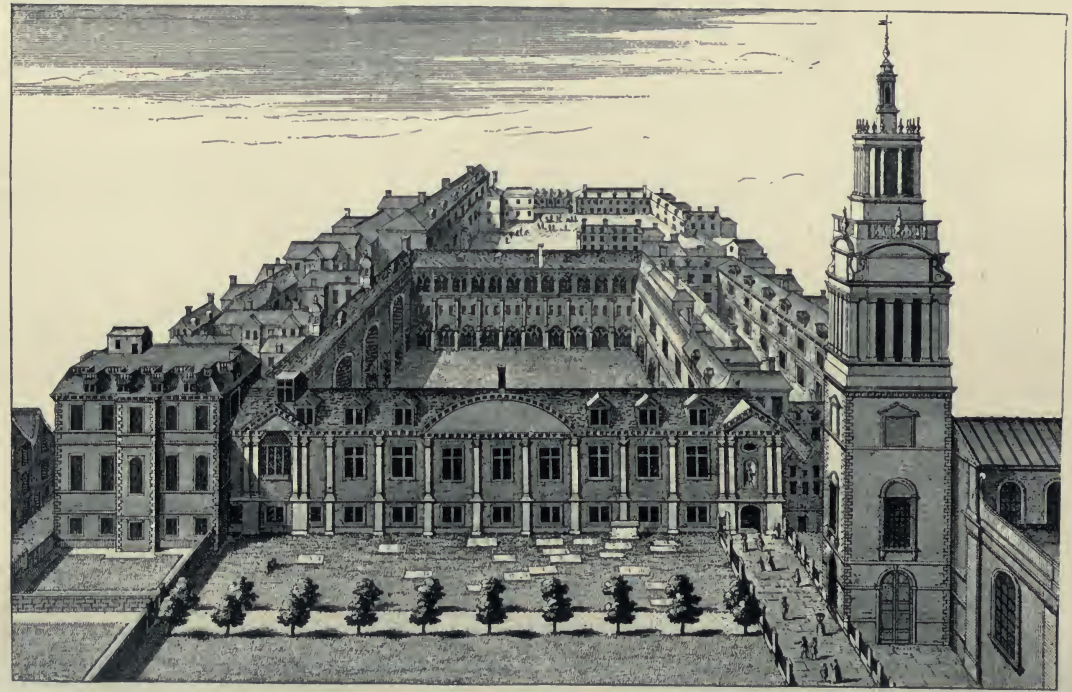

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. *Frontispiece.*

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CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

RECOLLECTIONS OF
LAMB, COLERIDGE, AND LEIGH HUNT

TORONTO

EDITED BY

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS FOUNDATION

"May God bless the Religious, Royal, and Ancient Foundation of Christ's Hospital. May those prosper who love it, and may God increase their number."

"I do not shame to say the Hospital
Of London was my chiefest fost'ring place."
HEYWOOD'S *King Edward IV.* iv. 2.

WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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12. 8. 42

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
1896

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PREFACE

THE Recollections of Christ Hospital by Lamb, Coleridge, and Leight Hunt present a vivid and attractive picture of the school at the close of the last century. To these I have prefixed an account of its foundation, taken, in the main, from an extremely interesting document, "*A Ffamiliar and Frendely Discourse, Dialogue wyse, setting forthe the Fyrste Order and Maner of Ye Ereccons of the Hospitalles Christes, Bridewell, and St. Thomas Ye Apostle*," by John Howes [1] (whose father Edmund continued the "Annals" of Stow), sometime "Renter and Gatherer of Legacies" for the Hospital; which was privately printed for the Governors in 1889, and has been most kindly

[1] John Howes was also in the employ of Richard Grafton, Chronicler, King's Printer, &c., and First Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, whose account of the Foundation is copied by Stow.

put in my hands by its discoverer and editor, Mr. Wm. Lempriere.

The development of the School from Howes' days to those of Lamb is recorded in many places: most fully in *The History of Christ's Hospital from its Foundation by King Edward the Sixth*, by John Iliff Wilson, 1821, and *A History of the Royal Foundation of Christ's Hospital*, by the Rev. William Trollope, 1834. Dr. Trollope taught classics in the Hospital, of which his father had been for some years the Head-master, and his book is much more complete and detailed than Wilson's.

Since Lamb and his two friends left Christ's Hospital, it has become of necessity somewhat more like other schools. The piggins, the jacks, and the platters have been relegated to the museum of curiosities: every boy is taught arithmetic. But the quaint old-world "comely garment" lingers on, and the boys still practise the virtue of self-help. The "trades" of "knife and fork," "bread" and "platter," each with its allotted part at the

"public suppers," are flourishing to-day; and on Easter Tuesday, 1896, the Blues received from the Lord Mayor a new shilling, a glass of wine or lemonade, and two buns.[1] Definitions are not yet needed for such terms as "Grecian," a "crug-basket," or the "First Order."

Of Christ's Hospital in the present or the immediate past, much might doubtless be written, very welcome to those who can look back to days of childhood among her cloisters; but such an attempt lies outside the scope of this volume.

The Rev. R. Lee, Head-master, and Mr. R. L. Franks, the clerk of Christ Hospital, have kindly permitted the taking of various sketches and photographs for the illustrations. I have further been most generously assisted by Mr. Wm. Lempriere, of the Counting-House, who, inspired by strong loyalty to the Hospital, has lent numerous prints for reproduction from his

[1] In place of the shilling, Monitors receive 2s. 6d.; Junior Grecians, 10s. 6d.; Grecians, 21s. The original custom was to give smaller sums (6d., 1s., and 10s. 6d.). The alternative of lemonade is a modern innovation.

interesting private collection, and has spared no time or trouble in answering questions, and looking over the notes, &c., to ensure their accuracy.

Mr. Everard Howe Coleman, late of the Admiralty and Board of Trade, who was at the Hospital, 1827–1834, has also kindly given me some interesting reminiscences, and lent a few prints for reproduction.

For the use of a few notes to Lamb's essays from Canon Ainger's editions, I am indebted to the Master of the Temple and his publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge has most kindly joined with Mr. W. Heinemann in allowing me to include four letters by Coleridge, written from Christ's Hospital, and first published in the *Illustrated London News*, April 1, 1893. Nos. I. and III. are also printed in *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, in 2 vols., W. Heinemann, 1895, being Nos. VI. and VII. on pages 21, 22.

R. B. J.

"*Christ's Hospital is a thing without parallel in the country, and* sui generis. *It is a grand relic of the mediæval spirit—a monument of the profuse munificence of that spirit, and of that constant stream of individual beneficence which is so often found to flow around institutions of that character. It has kept up its main features, its traditions, its antique ceremonies, almost unchanged, for a period of upwards of three centuries. It has a long and goodly list of worthies.*"

—Report of the Schools' Inquiry Commissioners, 1867–8.

THE FIRST ORDER AND MANNER OF THE ERECTION OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

Christ's Hospital erected was, a passing deed of pity,
What time Sir Richard Dobbs was mayor of this most famous city;
Who careful was in government, and furthered much the same;
Also a benefactor good, and joyed to see it frame;
Whose picture here his friends have set, to put each wight in mind,
To imitate his virtuous deeds as God hath us assigned.

—Lines written under an old Portrait.

THAT learned and pious child, Edward VI., being, in the year of our Lord 1552, much moved by a "fruitful and godly exhortation" of Master Ridley, "to the rich to be merciful to the poor, did suddenly, and of himself, send for the said Bishop as soon as his sermon was ended, willing him not to depart until that he had spoken with him." The King, thereupon, in earnest and simple words,

declared his zeal to be careful in obeying "the express commandment of Almighty God to have compassion of His poor and needy members;" bidding the Bishop instruct him "what ways are best to be taken therein."

"This worthy Bishop, Master Doctor Ridley, who was the first begetter of those good beginnings, did not cease, but effectually followed the L. Mayor, that then was, Sir Richard Dobbs, who was a very earnest man in setting forwards of this work. So that after divers meetings of the Bishop and other wise citizens they devised a book wherein they had set down in what sort and manner they would have these poor provided for.

"First to take out of the streets all the fatherless children and other poor men's children that were not able to keep them, and to bring them to the late dissolved house of the Greyfriars [granted by Henry VIII. to the city for the relief of the poor], which they devised to be a Hospital for them, where they should have meat, drink, and clothes, lodging and learning, and officers to attend upon them.

"To be taken out of the streets all the lame and aged people such as had not any place to go unto. And they should be conveyed to the Hospital of St. Thomas in Southwark, when they should have meat, drink, and lodging, Chirurgeons and other officers to attend upon them.

"That all the idle and lusty rogues, as well men as women, should be all taken up and be conveyed into some house [Bridewell], where they should have all things necessary, and be compelled to labour.

"I will show you what sums of money were raised, and by what means, if it please you to attend the hearing.

"Thirty persons did commonly meet every day in the inner chamber in the Guildhall, where they first thought good to begin with themselves, and agreed to press upon every one of themselves a several sum of money, according to his calling and ability, some £20, some £10, some more, some less. . . . All preachers, ministers, churchwardens, and sidesmen, with three or four of the better sort of every parish, were set to draw on

the rest of their parishioners to a frank benevolence and weekly pension. . . . Boxes were also provided, and there was delivered to every Innholder one, to the end that they might gather of their guests their benevolence to that good work. There were also boxes delivered to the Wardens of every company. . . . There was further a device that every honest householder in London should have a bill printed wherein there was a glass window left open for his name, and for his sum of money.

"The virtuous prince King Edward, did of himself command warrant to be made whereunto he set his hand, that all the linen belonging to the churches in London should be brought and delivered to the Governors for the use of these poor, reserving sufficient for the communion table, with towels and surplices for the ministers and clerks.

"After all these their meetings, toils, pains, and travails taken, the houses grew now to be in readiness, and furnished with all manner of necessaries, meet and convenient.

"They ordered that Christ's Hospital should

be made ready to harbour and receive 500 persons. Also Mr. Callthorpe, one of the 30 persons, took upon him to provide 500 feather-beds, and 500 pads of straw to lay under the feather-beds ; and as many blankets, and a thousand pair of sheets to be allowed for the same, when he had furnished as many as should come to a thousand merks.

"The Governors met all in the Counting House made for them in Christ's Hospital on the 6th day of October 1552, and made their choice of all officers which were thought meet to serve in that house and to attend upon the children. Viz.—

"One Thomas Cleaton, who was chosen Sheriff of London, being a baker, with whom they compounded to set out his fine in bread, which was £100. The Warden of the House, the Clerk, the Steward, the Butler, the Under-butler, the Cook, two Porters, the Grammar-school Master, the Grammar Usher, a teacher to write, two schoolmasters for the petties A. B. C. [of whom one was, in 1573, *promoted* to the office and dignity of Porter ; a rise from £2, 13s. 4d. to £6. yearly], a Teacher

of Pricksong, two Chirurgeons, a Barber, a Tailor, the Coalkeeper, the Mason Scourer.

"Also Governors, a matron, 'who shall twice or thrice in every week arise in the night and go as well into the sick ward as also into every other ward, and there see that the children be covered in the beds, whereby they take no cold,' twenty-five Sisters, a Brewer, and a Sexton of Christ Church.

"The officers thus chosen and the children taken and received into the house, amounted to the number of 380, . . . of whom many would watch duely when the porters were absent, that they might steal out and fall to their old occupation. A number of children being taken from the dunghill, when they came to sweet and clean keeping and to a pure diet, died downright.

"There was also for the poor children of the free school a place made to dispute with the other free schools, and silver pennies and garlands provided towards the rewarding of such as best deserved."

Two classes of children were admitted: those of freemen, necessarily four years old

and upwards; and "certain others who were in danger of *present perishing*." In 1556 they numbered 250, "to lodge and learn," and 150 "sucking children." Distinctions were maintained between "the children of the House," and "children brought up at the city charge."

"In the sharp and dangerous time of Queen Mary, there was nothing else looked for but down with them, down with them; and the change of religion had almost overturned all, for then there was nothing else but fly, fly, or burn, burn. She did not like of the blue-boys, but if they had been so many Grey Friars she would have given them better countenance.

"The Friars would fain have been restored to their old occupations; and the Governors had somewhat to do to defend and continue the credit of the House. . . . But Friar John, a Spaniard, who came in company to see the manner, and was brought there to have his opinion, who being there at dinner time and seeing the poor children set at the tables in the hall, and seeing them served in with meat, he was so wrapped in admiration, that suddenly he burst out in tears, and said in Latin to

the company that he had rather be a scullion in their kitchen than steward to the king.

"Nothing else passed worth the noting, only Bishop Gardener clapped Mr. Grafton (the treasurer) fast in the Fleet for two days, because he suffered the children to learn the English primer, when they should have learned the Latin A. B. C.'s."

This is Christ's Hospital, where poor Blue Coat Boys are harboured and educated.

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EDWARD VI. SIGNING THE CHARTER.

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A SCHOLAR OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

ANTHEM

FOR THE CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

SERAPHS! around th' Eternal's seat who throng
With tuneful ecstasies of praise:
Oh! teach our feeble tongues like yours the song
Of fervent gratitude to raise—
Like you, inspired with holy flame
To dwell on that Almighty name,
Who bade the child of woe no longer sigh,
And Joy in tears o'erspread the widow's eye.

Th' all-gracious Parent hears the wretch's prayer;
The meek tear strongly pleads on high;
Wan Resignation struggling with despair
The Lord beholds with pitying eye;
Sees cheerless Want unpitied pine,
Disease on earth its head recline,
And bids Compassion seek the realms of woe
To heal the wounded, and to raise the low.

She comes! she comes! the meek-eyed power I see,
With liberal hand that loves to bless;
The clouds of sorrow at her presence flee;
Rejoice! rejoice! ye children of distress!

The beams that play around her head,
Through Want's dark vale their radiance spread :
The young uncultured mind imbibes the ray,
And Vice reluctant quits th' expected prey.

Cease, thou lorn mother ! cease thy wailings drear ;
Ye babes ! the unconscious sob forego ;
Or let full gratitude now prompt the tear
Which erst did sorrow force to flow,
Unkindly cold and tempest shrill
In life's morn oft the traveller chill,
But soon his path the sun of love shall warm ;
And each glad scene look brighter for the storm.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

1789.

CHARLES LAMB

To face p. 3.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB

Admitted, 17th July, 1782; discharged, 23rd November, 1789

"LAMB," says Le Grice, "was an amiable, gentle boy, very sensible and keenly observing, indulged by his schoolfellows and by his master on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild; his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think that he was of Jewish descent. His eyes were not each of the same colour: one was hazel, the other had specks of grey in the iris, mingled as we see red spots in the bloodstone. His step was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness

in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness. His delicate frame and his difficulty of utterance, which was increased by agitation, unfitted him for joining in any boisterous sports."—*Reminiscences contributed to "Lamb's Letters," edited by Talfourd.*

Form of Admission

104. 30th March 1781

To the Right Honourable, Right Worſhipful, and Worſhipful the Governors of Christ's-Hospital, London.

The humble Petition of John Lamb
of the ~~Parish of~~ Inner Temple, London, Scrivener

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT the Petitioner has a Wife and three Children; and he finds it difficult to maintain and educate his Family without some Aſſiſtance

Therefore He humbly beſeeches your Worſhips, in your uſual Pity and Charity to diſtreſſed Men, poor Widows, and Fatherleſs Children, to grant the Admiſſion of one of his Children into Christ's-Hospital, *named* Charles Lamb
of the Age of Seven *Years and upwards there to be Educated and brought up among other poor Children.*

Ld Bp L

Adm. Comm. 17th July 1782
Cleathes 9th Oct.

And He ſhall ever pray, &c.

Reg. fo. 247.

ON CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, AND THE CHARACTER OF THE CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOYS

A GREAT deal has been said about the Governors of this Hospital abusing their right of presentation, by presenting the children of opulent parents to the Institution. This may have been the case in an instance or two; and what wonder, in an establishment consisting, in town and country, of upwards of a thousand boys! But I believe there is no great danger of an abuse of this sort ever becoming very general. There is an old quality in human nature which will perpetually present an adequate preventive to this evil. While the coarse blue coat and the yellow hose shall continue to be the costume of the school (and never may modern refinement innovate upon the venerable fashion!) the sons of the Aristocracy of this country, cleric or

laic, will not often be obtruded upon this seminary.

I own I wish there was more room for such complaints. I cannot but think that a sprinkling of the sons of respectable parents among them has an admirable tendency to liberalise the whole mass; and that to the great proportion of clergymen's children in particular which are to be found among them it is owing, that the foundation has not long since degenerated into a mere Charity-school, as it must do, upon the plan so hotly recommended by some reformists, of recruiting its ranks from the offspring of none but the very lowest of the people.

I am not learned enough in the history of the Hospital to say by what steps it may have departed from the letter of its original charter; but believing it, as it is at present constituted, to be a great practical benefit, I am not anxious to revert to first principles, to overturn a positive good, under pretence of restoring something which existed in the days of Edward the Sixth, when the face of everything around us was as different as can be from the present.

Since that time the opportunities of instruction to the very lowest classes (of as much instruction as may be beneficial and not pernicious to them) have multiplied beyond what the prophetic spirit of the first suggester of this charity[1] could have predicted, or the wishes of that holy man have even aspired to. There are parochial schools, and Bell's and Lancaster's, with their arms open to receive every son of ignorance, and disperse the last fog of uninstructed darkness which dwells upon the land. What harm, then, if in the heart of this noble city there should be left one receptacle, where parents of rather more liberal views, but whose time-straitened circumstances do not admit of affording their children that better sort of education which they themselves, not without cost to their parents, have received, may without cost send their sons? For such Christ's Hospital unfolds her bounty. To comfort the desponding parent with the thought that, without diminishing the stock which is imperiously demanded

[1] Bishop Ridley, in a sermon preached before King Edward the Sixth.

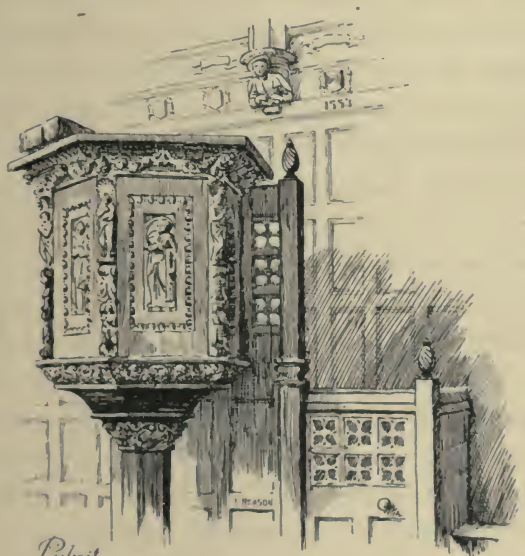
to furnish the more pressing and homely wants of our nature, he has disposed of one or more, perhaps, out of a numerous offspring, under the shelter of a care scarce less tender than the paternal, where not only their bodily cravings shall be supplied, but that mental *pabulum* is also dispensed, which HE hath declared to be no less necessary to our sustenance, who said, that "not by bread alone man can live." Here neither, on the one hand, are the youth lifted up above their family, which we have supposed liberal though reduced; nor, on the other hand, are they liable to be depressed below its level by the mean habits and sentiments which a common charity-school generates. It is, in a word, an institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household, when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves; to separate a child from his family for a season, in order to render him back hereafter, with feelings and habits more congenial to it, than he could even

have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it. It is a preserving and renovating principle, an antidote for the *res angusta domi*, when it presses, as it always does, most heavily upon the most ingenuous natures.

This is Christ's Hospital; and whether its character would be improved by confining its advantages to the very lowest of the people, let those judge who have witnessed the looks, the gestures, the behaviour, the manner of their play with one another, their deportment towards strangers, the whole aspect and physiognomy of that vast assemblage of boys on the London foundation, who freshen and make alive again with their sports the else mouldering cloisters of the old Grey Friars—which strangers who have never witnessed, if they pass through Newgate Street or by Smithfield, would do well to go a little out of their way to see: let those judge, I say, who have compared this scene with the abject countenances, the squalid mirth, the broken-down spirit, and crouching, or else fierce and brutal deportment to strangers, of the very different set of little beings who range round

the precincts of common orphan schools and places of charity.

For the Christ's Hospital boy feels that he is no charity-boy; he feels it in the antiquity



Pulpit in the Hall

and regality of the foundation to which he belongs; in the usage which he meets with at school, and the treatment he is accustomed to out of its bounds; in the respect, and even

kindness, which his well-known garb never fails to procure him in the streets of the Metropolis; he feels it in his education, in that measure of classical attainments, which every individual at that school, though not destined to a learned profession, has it in his power to procure, attainments which it would be worse than folly to put it in the reach of the labouring classes to acquire: he feels it in the numberless comforts, and even magnificences, which surround him; in his old and awful cloisters, with their traditions; in his spacious school-rooms, and in the well-ordered, airy, and lofty rooms where he sleeps; in his stately dining hall, hung round with pictures by Verrio, Lely, and others, one of them surpassing in size and grandeur almost any other in the kingdom; above all, in the very extent and magnitude of the body to which he belongs, and the consequent spirit, the intelligence, and public conscience, which is the result of so many various yet wonderfully combining members. Compared with this last-named advantage, what is the stock of information, (I do not here speak of

book-learning, but of that knowledge which boy receives from boy,) the mass of collected opinions, the intelligence in common, among the few and narrow members of an ordinary boarding-school ?

The Christ's Hospital or Blue-coat boy has a distinctive character of his own, as far removed from the abject qualities of a common charity-boy, as it is from the disgusting forwardness of a lad brought up at some other of the Public Schools. There is *pride* in it, accumulated from the circumstances which I have described as differencing him from the former; and there is a *restraining modesty*, from a sense of obligation and dependence, which must ever keep his deportment from assimilating to that of the latter. His very garb, as it is antique and venerable, feeds his self-respect; as it is a badge of dependence, it restrains the natural petulance of that age from breaking out into overt acts of insolence. This produces silence and a reserve before strangers, yet not that cowardly shyness which boys mewed up at home will feel; he will speak up when spoken to, but the stranger

must begin the conversation with him. Within his bounds he is all fire and play; but in the streets he steals along with all the self-concentration of a young monk. He is never known to mix with other boys; they are a sort of laity to him. All this proceeds, I have no doubt, from the continual consciousness which he carries about him of the difference of his dress from that of the rest of the world; with a modest jealousy over himself, lest, by overhastily mixing with common and secular playfellows, he should commit the dignity of his cloth. Nor let any one laugh at this; for, considering the propensity of the multitude, and especially of the small multitude, to ridicule anything unusual in dress—above all, where such peculiarity may be construed by malice into a mark of disparagement—this reserve will appear to be nothing more than a wise instinct in the Blue-coat boy. That it is neither pride nor rusticity, at least that it has none of the offensive qualities of either, a stranger may soon satisfy himself by putting a question to any of these boys: he may be sure of an answer couched in terms

To face p. 14.

THE LAMB MEDAL.

of plain civility, neither loquacious nor embarrassed. Let him put the same question to a Parish boy, or to one of the Trencher-caps in the —— Cloisters, and the impudent reply of the one shall not fail to exasperate any more than the certain servility and mercenary eye to reward, which he will meet with in the other, can fail to depress and sadden him.

The Christ's Hospital boy is a religious character. His school is eminently a religious foundation; it has its peculiar prayers, its services at set times, its graces, hymns, and anthems, following each other in an almost monastic closeness of succession. This religious character in him is not always untinged with superstition. That is not wonderful when we consider the thousand tales and traditions which must circulate with undisturbed credulity amongst so many boys, that have so few checks to their belief from any intercourse with the world at large; upon whom their equals in age must work so much, their elders so little. With this leaning towards an over-belief in matters of Religion, which will soon correct

itself when he comes out into society, may be classed a turn for Romance above most other boys. This is to be traced in the same manner to their excess of society with each other and defect of mingling with the world. Hence the peculiar avidity with which such books as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and others of a still wilder cast, are, or at least were in my time, sought for by the boys. I remember when some half-dozen of them set off from school, without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out *Philip Quarll's Island.*

The Christ's Hospital boy's sense of right and wrong is peculiarly tender and apprehensive. It is even apt to run out into ceremonial observances, and to impose a yoke upon itself beyond the strict obligations of the moral law. Those who were contemporaries with me at that school five-and-twenty or thirty years ago will remember with what more than Judaic rigour the eating of the fat of certain boiled meats[1] was interdicted. A boy would have blushed, as at the exposure of some

[1] Under the denomination of *gags*.

heinous immorality, to have been detected eating that forbidden portion of his allowance of animal food, the whole of which, while he was in health, was little more than sufficient to allay his hunger. The same or even greater refinement was shown in the rejection of certain kinds of sweet cake. What gave rise to these supererogatory penances, these self-denying ordinances, I could never learn;[1] they certainly argue no defect of the conscientious principle. A little excess in that article is not undesirable in youth, to make allowance for the inevitable waste which comes in maturer years. But in the less ambiguous line of duty, in those directions of the moral feelings which cannot be mistaken or depreciated, I will relate what took place in the year 1785, when Mr. Perry, the steward, died. I must be pardoned for taking my instances

[1] I am told that the present steward [Mr. Hathaway], who evinced on many occasions a most praise-worthy anxiety to promote the comfort of the boys, had occasion for all his address and perseverance to eradicate the first of these unfortunate prejudices, in which he has at length happily succeeded, and thereby restored to one half of the animal nutrition of the school those honours which painful superstition and blind zeal had so long conspired to withhold from it.

from my own times. Indeed the vividness of my recollections, while I am upon this subject, almost brings back those times; they are present to me still. But I believe that in the years which have elapsed since the period which I speak of, the character of the Christ's Hospital boy is very little changed. Their situation in point of many comforts is improved; but that which I ventured before to term the *public conscience* of the school, the pervading moral sense, of which every mind partakes, and to which so many individual minds contribute, remains, I believe, pretty much the same as when I left it. I have seen within this twelvemonth almost the change which has been produced upon a boy of eight or nine years of age upon being admitted into that school; how, from a pert young coxcomb, who thought that all knowledge was comprehended within his shallow brains, because a smattering of two or three languages and one or two sciences were stuffed into him by injudicious treatment at home, by a mixture with the wholesome society of so many schoolfellows, in less time than I have spoken of,

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A PART OF GREYFRIARS.

he has sunk to his own level, and is contented to be carried on in the quiet orb of modest self-knowledge in which the common mass of that unpresumptuous assemblage of boys seem to move on; from being a little unfeeling mortal, he has got to feel and reflect. Nor would it be a difficult matter to show how, at a school like this, where the boy is neither entirely separated from home nor yet exclusively under its influence, the best feelings, the filial, for instance, are brought to a maturity which they could not have attained under a completely domestic education; how the relation of parent is rendered less tender by unremitted association, and the very awfulness of age is best apprehended by some sojourning amidst the comparative levity of youth; how absence, not drawn out by too great extension into alienation or forgetfulness, puts an edge upon the relish of occasional intercourse, and the boy is made the better *child* by that which keeps the force of that relation from being felt as perpetually pressing on him; how the substituted paternity, into the care of which he is adopted, while in everything substantial

it makes up for the natural, in the necessary omission of individual fondnesses and partialities, directs the mind only the more strongly to appreciate that natural and first tie, in which such weaknesses are the bond of strength, and the appetite which cravês after them betrays no perverse palate. But these speculations rather belong to the question of the comparative advantages of a public over a private education in general. I must get back to my favourite school; and to that which took place when our old and good steward died.

And I will say, that when I think of the frequent instances which I have met with in children of a hard-heartedness, a callousness, and insensibility to the loss of relations, even of those who have begot and nourished them, I cannot but consider it as a proof of something in the peculiar conformation of that school, favourable to the expansion of the best feelings of our nature, that, at the period which I am noticing, out of five hundred boys there was not a dry eye to be found among them, nor a heart that did not beat

with genuine emotion. Every impulse to play, until the funeral day was past, seemed suspended throughout the school; and the boys, lately so mirthful and sprightly, were seen pacing their cloisters alone, or in sad groups standing about, few of them without some token, such as their slender means could provide, a black riband, or something to denote respect and a sense of their loss. The time itself was a time of anarchy, a time in which all authority (out of school-hours) was abandoned. The ordinary restraints were for those days superseded; and the gates, which at other times kept us in, were left without watchers. Yet, with the exception of one or two graceless boys at most, who took advantage of that suspension of authorities to *skulk out*, as it was called, the whole body of that great school kept rigorously within their bounds, by a voluntary self-imprisonment; and they who broke bounds, though they escaped punishment from any master, fell into a general disrepute among us, and, for that which at any other time would have been applauded and admired as a mark of

spirit, were consigned to infamy and reprobation: so much *natural government* have gratitude and the principles of reverence and love, and so much did a respect to their dead friend prevail with these Christ's Hospital boys above any fear which his presence among them when living could ever produce. And if the impressions which were made on my mind so long ago are to be trusted, very richly did their steward deserve this tribute. It is a pleasure to me even now to call to mind his portly form, the regal awe which he always contrived to inspire, in spite of a tenderness and even weakness of nature that would have enfeebled the reins of discipline in any other master; a yearning of tenderness towards those under his protection, which could make five hundred boys at once feel towards him each as to their individual father. He had faults, with which we had nothing to do; but, with all his faults, indeed, Mr. Perry was a most extraordinary creature. Contemporary with him, and still living, though he has long since resigned his occupation, will it be impertinent to mention the name of our

excellent upper grammar-master, the Rev. James Boyer? He was a disciplinarian, indeed, of a different stamp from him whom I have just described; but, now the terrors of the rod, and of a temper a little too hasty to leave the more nervous of us quite at our ease to do justice to his merits in those days, are long since over, ungrateful were we if we should refuse our testimony to that unwearied assiduity with which he attended to the particular improvement of each of us. Had we been the offspring of the first gentry in the land, he could not have been instigated by the strongest views of recompense and reward to have made himself a greater slave to the most laborious of all occupations than he did for us sons of charity, from whom, or from our parents, he could expect nothing. He has had his reward in the satisfaction of having discharged his duty, in the pleasurable consciousness of having advanced the respectability of that institution to which, both man and boy, he was attached; in the honours to which so many of his pupils have successfully aspired at both our Universities; and

in the staff with which the Governors of the Hospital at the close of his hard labours, with the highest expressions of the obligations the school lay under to him, unanimously voted to present him.

I have often considered it among the felicities of the constitution of this school, that the offices of steward and schoolmaster are kept distinct; the strict business of education alone devolving upon the latter, while the former has the charge of all things out of school, the control of the provisions, the regulation of meals, of dress, of play, and the ordinary intercourse of the boys. By this division of management, a superior respectability must attach to the teacher while his office is unmixed with any of these lower concerns. A still greater advantage over the construction of common boarding-schools is to be found in the settled salaries of the masters, rendering them totally free of obligation to any individual pupil or his parents. This never fails to have its effect at schools where each boy can reckon up to a hair what profit the master derives from him, where he views him

every day in the light of a caterer, a provider for the family, who is to get so much by him in each of his meals. Boys will see and consider these things; and how much must the sacred character of preceptor suffer in their minds by these degrading associations! The very bill which the pupil carries home with him at Christmas, eked out, perhaps, with elaborate though necessary minuteness, instructs him that his teachers have other ends than the mere love to Learning in the lessons which they give him; and though they put into his hands the fine sayings of Seneca or Epictetus, yet they themselves are none of those disinterested pedagogues to teach philosophy *gratis*. The master, too, is sensible that he is seen in this light; and how much this must lessen that affectionate regard to the learners which alone can sweeten the bitter labour of instruction, and convert the whole business into unwelcome and uninteresting task-work, many preceptors that I have conversed with on the subject are ready, with a sad heart, to acknowledge. From this inconvenience the

settled salaries of the masters of this school in great measure exempt them; while the happy custom of choosing masters (indeed every officer of the establishment) from those who have received their education there, gives them an interest in advancing the character of the school, and binds them to observe a tenderness and a respect to the children, in which a stranger, feeling that independence which I have spoken of, might well be expected to fail.

In affectionate recollection of the place where he was bred up, in hearty recognitions of old school-fellows met with again after the lapse of years, or in foreign countries, the Christ's Hospital boy yields to none; I might almost say he goes beyond most other boys. The very compass and magnitude of the school, its thousand bearings, the space it takes up in the imagination beyond the sphere of ordinary schools, impresses a remembrance, accompanied with an elevation of mind, that attends him through life. It is too big, too affecting an object, to pass away quickly from his mind. The Christ's Hospital boy's friends

at school are commonly his intimates through life. For me, I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiments of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance, compared to the colours which imagination gave to everything then. I belong to no *body corporate* such as I then made a part of.—And here, before I close, taking leave of the general reader, and addressing myself solely to my old schoolfellows, that were contemporaries with me from the year 1782 to 1789, let me have leave to remember some of those circumstances of our school which they will not be unwilling to have brought back to their minds.

And first, let us remember, as first in importance in our childish eyes, the young men (as they almost were) who, under the denomination of *Grecians*, were waiting the expiration of the period when they should be sent, at the charges of the Hospital, to one or other of our Universities, but more frequently to

Cambridge. These youths, from their superior acquirements, their superior age and stature, and the fewness of their numbers (for seldom above two or three at a time were inaugurated into that high order), drew the eyes of all, and especially of the younger boys, into a reverent observance and admiration. How tall they used to seem to us! how stately would they pace along the Cloisters!—while the play of the lesser boys was absolutely suspended, or its boisterousness at least allayed, at their presence! Not that they ever beat or struck the boys—that would have been to have demeaned themselves—the dignity of their persons alone ensured them all respect. The task of blows, of corporal chastisement, they left to the common Monitors, or Heads of Wards, who, it must be confessed, in our time had rather too much licence allowed them to oppress and misuse their inferiors; and the interference of the Grecian, who may be considered as the spiritual power, was not unfrequently called for, to mitigate by its mediation the heavy, unrelenting arm of this temporal

power, or monitor. In fine, the Grecians were the solemn Muftis of the school. Eras were computed from their time; it used to be said, such or such a thing was done when S—— or T—— was Grecian.

As I ventured to call the Grecians the Muftis of the school, the King's boys, as their character then was, may well pass for the Janizaries. They were the terror of all the other boys; bred up under that hardy sailor, as well as excellent mathematician, and co-navigator with Captain Cook, William Wales. All his systems were adapted to fit them for the rough element which they were destined to encounter. Frequent and severe punishments, which were expected to be borne with more than Spartan fortitude, came to be considered less as inflictions of disgrace than as trials of obstinate endurance. To make his boys hardy, and to give them early sailor habits, seemed to be his only aim; to this everything was subordinate. Moral obliquities, indeed, were sure of receiving their full recompense, for no occasion of laying on the lash was ever let slip; but the effects expected

to be produced from it were something very different from contrition or mortification. There was in William Wales a perpetual fund of humour, a constant glee about him, which, heightened by an inveterate provincialism of North Country dialect, absolutely took away the sting from his severities. His punishments were a game at patience, in which the master was not always worst contented when he found himself at times overcome by his pupil. What success this discipline had, or how the effects of it operated upon the after-lives of these King's boys, I cannot say: but I am sure that, for the time, they were absolute nuisances to the rest of the school. Hardy, brutal, and often wicked, they were the most graceless lump in the whole mass: older and bigger than the other boys (for, by the system of their education, they were kept longer at school by two or three years than any of the rest, except the Grecians), they were a constant terror to the younger part of the school; and some who may read this, I doubt not, will remember the consternation into which the juvenile fry of us were thrown when the cry

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THE MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.

was raised in the Cloisters that *the First Order was coming*—for so they termed the first form or class of those boys. Still these sea-boys answered some good purposes in the school. They were the military class among the boys, foremost in athletic exercises, who extended the fame of the prowess of the school far and near; and the apprentices in the vicinage, and sometimes the butchers' boys in the neighbouring market, had sad occasion to attest their valour.

The time would fail me if I were to attempt to enumerate all those circumstances, some pleasant, some attended with some pain, which, seen through the mist of distance, come sweetly softened to the memory. But I must crave leave to remember our transcending superiority in those invigorating sports, leap-frog and basting the bear; our delightful excursions in the Summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where, like otters, we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished with staying out all day

without our dinners ; our visits at other times to the Tower, where, by ancient privilege, we had free access to all the curiosities ; our solemn processions through the City at Easter, with the Lord Mayor's largess of buns, wine,

and a shilling, with the festive questions and civic pleasantries of the dispensing Aldermen, which were more to us than all the rest of the banquet ; our stately suppings in public, where the well-lighted hall, and the confluence of

well-dressed company who came to see us, made the whole look more like a concert or assembly than a scene of a plain bread-and-cheese collation ; the annual orations upon St. Matthew's Day, in which the senior scholar, before he had done, seldom failed to reckon up, among those who had done honour to our school by being educated in it, the names of those accomplished critics and Greek scholars, Joshua Barnes and Jeremiah Markland (I marvel they left out Camden while they were about it). Let me have leave to remember our hymns and anthems and well-toned organ ; the doleful tune of the burial anthem, chanted in the solemn Cloisters upon the seldom-occurring funeral of some schoolfellow ; the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs, and the penniless, and he that could contribute nothing, partook in all the mirth, and in some of the substantialities of the feasting ; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake to hear from seven (the

hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it, in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds.

Nor would I willingly forget any of those things which administered to our vanity. The hem-stitched bands and town-made shirts, which some of the most fashionable among us wore; the town-girdles, with buckles of silver or shining stone; the badges of the sea-boys; the cots, or superior shoe-strings of the Monitors; the medals of the Markers (those who were appointed to hear the Bible read in the wards on Sunday morning and evening), which bore on their obverse in silver, as certain parts of our garments carried in meaner metal, the countenance of our Founder, that godly and royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropped as it began to fill our land with its early odours—the boy-patron of boys—the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley—fit

MARKER'S MEDAL.

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BADGE OF THE KING'S BOYS.

associate in those tender years for the bishops and future martyrs of our Church to receive, or (as occasion sometimes proved) to give instruction.

"But ah; what means the silent tear?
Why, e'en 'mid joy, my bosom heave?
Ye long-lost scenes, enchantments dear!
Lo! now I linger o'er your grave.

"—Fly then, ye hours of rosy hue,
And bear away the bloom of years!
And quick succeed, ye sickly crew
Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!

"Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,
Nor, tracing back the child, forget that I am man."[1]

Yours, &c.,

C. LAMB.

[1] Lines meditated in the Cloisters of Christ's Hospital, in the "Poetics" of Mr. George Dyer.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO

In Mr. Lamb's "Works," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school, such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school, and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his school-fellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them almost as often as he

wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our *crug* —moistened with attenuated small beer, in

wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease-soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter" from the hot loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's

mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week) — was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly), or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton scrags on Fridays—and rather more savoury but grudging portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites and disappointed our stomachs in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates) cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride,) squatted down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite), and the contending passions of L. at

the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the

Wooden Platters and Beer Jack.

stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice,

which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough ; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead ! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years ! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the West) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces ! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire !

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day-leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the live-long day upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River, which L. recalls

with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water pastimes. How merrily we would sally forth into the fields, and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams, getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them!—How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter to go prowling about the streets *objectless*—shivering at cold windows of print-shops to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces

should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the lions in the Tower—to whose levee, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights — and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callous overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the

power to hinder.—The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires when our feet were perishing with snow, and under the cruellest penalties forbad the indulgence of a drink of water when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season and the day's sports.

There was one H——, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts—some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy who had offended him with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us with exacting contributions, to the one-half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his), he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than

a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat and kicking in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we

presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek, well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies, and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)—

To feed our mind with idle portraiture.

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled, and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters), and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *ghoul*, and held in equal detestation. —— suffered under the imputation :

——'twas said
He ate strange flesh.

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me) and, in an especial manner, these *disreputable morsels*, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed side. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed

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DINING IN HALL.

by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building (such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism) with open door and a common stair-case. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time,) with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——, an honest couple come to decay, whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability,

saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds!—The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of ——, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to ——, I believe would not be lost upon his auditory.—I had left school then, but I well remember ——. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad, and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven, and had only read of such things in books or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the

first offence.—As a novice, I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light let in askance from a prison orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude:—and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves and superstition incident to his time of life might subject him to.[1] This

[1] One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the Governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with.—This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard's brain, for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul) methinks I could willingly "spit upon his stony gaberdine."

was the penalty for the second offence.—Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fé*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late "watchet weeds" carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frighted features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (*L.'s favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his school-fellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities

visible. These were governors, two of whom, by choice or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at the *Ultima Supplicia;* not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous *disgusting circumstances* to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the

community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours; and, for myself, I must confess that I was never happier than *in* them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room, and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good-will—holding it "like

a dancer." It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good, easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us now and then, but often stayed away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he stayed, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to "insolent Greece or haughty Rome," that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the Adventures of the Hon. Captain Robert Boyle —the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic and scientific operations, making little sun-dials of paper, or weaving those ingenious parentheses called *cat-cradles*, or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe, or studying the art military over that laudable game "French and English,"—and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with

the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman*, the *scholar*, and the *Christian;* but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levee, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to

his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us: his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon's miracle, while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry.[1] His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a "playing holiday."

[1] Cowley.

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the *Ululantes*, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramped to barbarism. His Easter Anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes.[1] He would laugh, aye, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*, or at the *tristis severitas in vultu*, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle.—He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of differing omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old,

[1] In this and everything B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of "Vertumnus and Pomona," is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction.—B. used to say of it, in a way of half compliment, half irony, that it was *too classical for representation.*

discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school when he made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig*. No comet expounded surer.—J. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?" Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom from his inner recess or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirrah!" (his favourite adjuration), "I have a great mind to whip you,"—then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair,—and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell—"*and I* WILL, *too.*"—In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have

heard, to himself, of whipping the boy and reading the Debates at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between, which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll, squinting W., having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that *he did not know that the thing had been forewarned.* This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the *oral* or *declaratory*, struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted), that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the

"Country Spectator" doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C.—when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed—"Poor J. B.!—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred.—First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T——e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors!—You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-appearance of the other. Generally arm-in-arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering

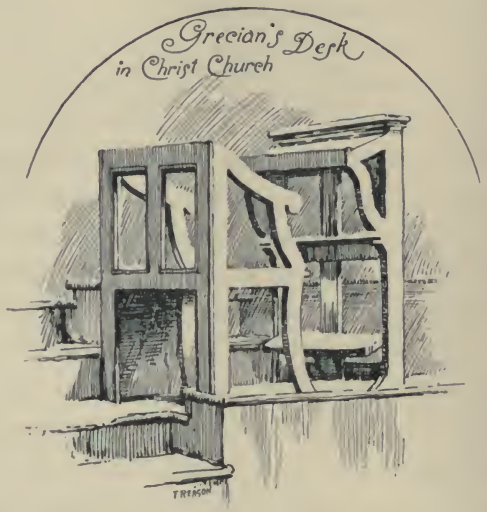
that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. O it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero de Amicitiâ*, or some tale of *Antique Friendship* which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate!—Co-Grecian with S. was Th——, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th—— was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta), a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic, and is author (besides the "Country Spectator") of a treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe.—M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions and the Church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were

mild and unassuming.—Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the "Aboriginal Britons," the most spirited of the Oxford prize poems; a pale studious Grecian. —Then followed poor S——, ill-fated M——! Of these the Muse is silent.

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee — the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge —Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*—

"Many were the wit-combats" (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G——, "which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English



man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides,

tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs, or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance with which (for thou wert the *Nireus formosus* of the school,) in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel look, exchanged the half-formed terrible "*bl*——," for a gentler greeting—"*bless thy handsome face!*"

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G—— and F——, who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes

subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca:—Le G——, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F——, dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr——, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T——, mildest of missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

ELIA.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

To face p. 67.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Admitted, 17th July 1782; discharged, 7th Sept. 1791

COLERIDGE, "the inspired charity-boy," has been painted for all time in Lamb's *Christ's Hospital Five-and-thirty Years ago.* His own scattered reminiscences present, for the most part, the same picture of a shy and delicate lad, alone among rough companions. He says, too, that Boyer generally gave him an extra cut at the end of a flogging because "he was such an ugly fellow." He suffered from a weak digestion, and a very sensitive, white skin, requiring shoes so large that he could walk in them rather than with them. "He was to be found during play-hours," writes Gillman, "often with the knees of his breeches unbuttoned and his shoes down to the heel, walking to and fro, or sitting on a step, or in a corner, deeply engaged in some book."

Yet it must not be supposed that Coleridge

was an unhappy boy. He had a naturally joyous disposition, made great friends, and already loved talking — even with strangers. His gratitude to the school, and to Boyer, was perfectly sincere, inspired by cheerful memories.

He narrates, with regret, his inability to learn mathematics. On being informed that a line was without breadth, he replied, "How can that be? a line must have some breadth, be it ever so thin." . . .

"In a long-brief dream-life of regretted regrets, I still find a noticeable space marked out by the Regret of having neglected the mathematical Sciences. No *week*, few *days* pass unhaunted by a fresh conviction of the truth involved in the Platonic Superstition over the Portal of Philosophy,

Μήδεις ἀγεωμετρητος εἰσίτω.

But surely Philosophy hath scarcely sustained more detriment by its alienation from mathematics."

Having attained the honourable position of Grecian, Coleridge was, in due course, "preferred, and sent to Jesus College, Cambridge."

FORM OF ADMISSION

67.

28th March 1782.

To the Right Honourable, Right Worshipful, and Worshipful the Governors of CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL, LONDON.

The humble Petition of Ann Coleridge
of the Parish of Ottery Saint Mary in the
County of Devon, Widow,
Humbly Sheweth,

THAT the Petitioner's Husband, the revd John
Coleridge, dedd in the Month of October 1781
leaving her with a Family of Eleven Childn
whom she finds it difficult to maintain
and educate without Assistance.

Therefore She humbly beseeches your Worships, in your usual Pity and Charity to distressed Men, poor Widows, and Fatherless Children, to grant the Admission of one of her Children into CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL, named Samuel Coleridge of the Age of nine Years and six Months there to be Educated and brought up among other poor Children.

Reg.d Rg

And She shall ever pray, &c.

Ann Coleridge

Saml Coleridge BAPTD the fourteenth Day of December 1772

Reg.r for 2617

WE the Minister, Church-wardens, and others of the Parish of Ottery Saint Mary, in the County of Devon — whose Names are hereunto subscribed, do Certify, That the now Petitioner is the Father of the said Samuel Coleridge, and a Parishioner of the [redacted] Church of England, Viz.t of this Parish; and that the said Child is at present of the Age of nine Years and six Months having been born in the Month of October one thousand seven hundred seventy two and is no Foundling, nor maintained at the Parish Charges; and that we know of no probable Means for the Education of the said Child, unless the said Governors of CHRIST'S HOSPITAL shall please to admit him into the said Hospital, which if they shall please to do, We, together with the Mother of the said Child, do fully consent and agree to leave the said Child to the Disposal of the Governors of the said Hospital, to bind him an Apprentice to such Trade or Calling, whether for Land or Sea Employments, as they shall judge the said Child most fit and proper for: And we, together with the Mother of the said Child, do promise and oblige ourselves, not only to ratify and confirm the same, in Case the Governors of the said Hospital shall please to dispose of the said Child; but also We the Minister and Church-wardens aforesaid, for ourselves and our Successors, promise and oblige ourselves to discharge the said Hospital of the said Child, at the Age of fifteen Years, or at any Time before or after the said Age, whensoever the said Hospital shall require the same of us. Witness our Hands this first Day of May 1782.

Admd Decr 17th July 1782
Cashd 1st Augt 1782

Edward Saunders — Minister.
John Sandford Esqr
Warren — Church-Wardens.
John Skotate
John Taylor — Three Housekeepers.

N 17 July 1782.
Mr Jos Butler
Lincolns Inn Fields

Ann Coleridge the Mother.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

THE Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again ! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings : save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed ! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme stillness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village ! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams ! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not ;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,

Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:

Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My playmate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
Great universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun thaw; whether the eave-
drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

February 1798.

FROM "BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA"

At School (Christ's Hospital), I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master, the Reverend James Bowyer. He early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius (in such extracts as I then read), Terence, and, above all, the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the so-called silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan æra: and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction.

At the same time that we were studying the

Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons: and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word; and I well remember that, availing himself of the synonymes to the Homer of Didymus, he made us attempt to show, with regard to each, why it would not have answered the same purpose; and wherein consisted the peculiar fitness of the word in the original text.

In our own English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education), he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been

conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words.[1] *Lute*, *harp*, and *lyre*, *muse*, *muses*, and *inspirations*, *Pegasus*, *Parnassus*, and *Hippocrene*, were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming, "Harp? Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh aye! the cloister-pump, I suppose!" Nay, certain introductions, similes, and examples, were placed by name on a list of interdiction. Among the similes, there was, I remember, that of the manchineel fruit, as suiting equally well with too many subjects; in which, however, it yielded the palm at once to the example of Alexander and Clytus, which was equally good and apt, whatever might be the theme. Was it ambition? Alexander and Clytus!—Flattery? Alexander and Clytus! — Anger — drunkenness — pride — friendship — ingratitude — late repentance? Still, still

[1] This is worthy of ranking as a maxim (*regula maxima*), of criticism. Whatever is translatable in other and simpler words of the same language, without loss of sense or dignity, is bad.

N.B.—By dignity I mean the absence of ludicrous and debasing associations.

THE WRITING AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

Alexander and Clytus! At length, the praises of agriculture having been exemplified in the sagacious observation that, had Alexander been holding the plough, he would not have run his friend Clytus through with a spear, this tried and serviceable old friend was banished by public edict *in sæcula sæculorum*. I have sometimes ventured to think, that a list of this kind, or an *index expurgatorius* of certain well-known and ever-returning phrases, both introductory and transitional, including a large assortment of modest egoisms, and flattering illeisms, and the like, might be hung up in our Law Courts, and both Houses of Parliament, with great advantage to the public, as an important saving of national time, an incalculable relief to his Majesty's Ministers, but, above all, as ensuring the thanks of country attorneys and their clients, who have private bills to carry through the House.

Be this as it may, there was one custom of our master's which I cannot pass over in silence, because I think it imitable and worthy of imitation. He would often permit our

exercises, under some pretext of want of time, to accumulate, till each lad had four or five to be looked over. Then placing the whole number abreast on his desk, he would ask the writer why this or that sentence might not have found as appropriate a place under this or that thesis; and if no satisfying answer could be returned, and two faults of the same kind were found in one exercise, the irrevocable verdict followed, the exercise was torn up, and another on the same subject to be produced, in addition to the tasks of the day. The reader will, I trust, excuse this tribute of recollection to a man whose severities, even now, not seldom furnish the dreams, by which the blind fancy would fain interpret to the mind the painful sensations of distempered sleep, but neither lessen nor dim the deep sense of my moral and intellectual obligations. He sent us to the University excellent Latin and Greek scholars, and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts which we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage. He is now gone to his final reward, full of years,

To face p. 78.

AN OLD QUADRANGLE.

and full of honours, even of those honours which were dearest to his heart, as gratefully bestowed by that school, and still binding him to the interests of that school, in which he had been himself educated, and to which during his whole life he was a dedicated thing.

From causes which this is not the place to investigate, no models of past times, however perfect, can have the same vivid effect on the youthful mind as the productions of contemporary genius. The discipline my mind had undergone, *Ne falleretur rotundo sono et versuum cursu, cincinnis, et floribus; sed ut inspiceret quidnam subesset, quæ sedes, quod firmamentum, quis fundus verbis; an figuræ essent mera ornatura et orationis fucus; vel sanguinis e materiæ ipsius corde effluentis rubor quidam nativus et incalescentia genuina*— removed all obstacles to the appreciation of excellence in style without diminishing my delight. That I was thus prepared for the perusal of Mr. Bowles's sonnets and earlier poems, at once increased their influence and my enthusiasm. The great

works of past ages seem to a young man things of another race, in respect to which his faculties must remain passive and submiss, even as to the stars and mountains. But the writings of a contemporary, perhaps not many years older than himself, surrounded by the same circumstances, and disciplined by the same manners, possess a reality for him, and inspire an actual friendship as of a man for a man. His very admiration is the wind which fans and feeds his hope. The poems themselves assume the properties of flesh and blood. To recite, to extol, to contend for them is but the payment of a debt due to one who exists to receive it. . . .

I had just entered on my seventeenth year, when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me, by a school-fellow who had quitted us for the University, and who, during the whole time he was in our first form (or in our school language a Grecian), had been my patron and protector. I refer to Dr. Middleton, the

truly learned, and every way excellent Bishop of Calcutta :

qui laudibus amplis
Ingenium celebrare meum, calamumque solebat,
Calcar agens animo validum. Non omnia terræ
Obruta, vivit amor, vivit dolor; ora negatur
Dulcia conspicere, et flere et meminisse relictum est.

It was a double pleasure to me, and still remains a tender recollection, that I should have received from a friend so revered the first knowledge of a poet, by whose works, year after year, I was so enthusiastically delighted and inspired. My earliest acquaintance will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal with which I laboured to make proselytes, not only of my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank, and in whatever place. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and a half, more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents I could offer to those who had in any way won my regard. And with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author.

Though I have seen and known enough of mankind to be well aware that I shall perhaps stand alone in my creed, and that it will be well if I subject myself to no worse charge than that of singularity ; I am not therefore deterred from avowing, that I regard, and ever have regarded, the obligations of intellect among the most sacred of the claims of gratitude. A valuable thought, or a particular train of thoughts, gives me additional pleasure when I can safely refer and attribute it to the conversation or correspondence of another. My obligations to Mr. Bowles were indeed important, and for radical good. At a very premature age, even before my fifteenth year, I had bewildered myself in metaphysics, and in theological controversy. Nothing else pleased me. History, and particular facts, lost all interest in my mind. Poetry—(though for a school-boy of that age, I was above par in English versification, and had already produced two or three compositions which, I may venture to say, without reference to my age, were somewhat above mediocrity, and which had gained me more credit than the sound,

good sense of my old master was at all pleased with)—poetry itself, yea, novels and romances, became insipid to me. In my friendless wanderings on our *leave-days*[1] (for I was an orphan, and had scarcely any connections in London), highly was I delighted if any passenger, especially if he were dressed in black, would enter into conversation with me. For I soon found the means of directing it to my favourite subjects

> Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

This preposterous pursuit was, beyond doubt, injurious both to my natural powers, and to the progress of my education. It would perhaps have been destructive had it been continued; but from this I was auspiciously withdrawn, partly indeed by an accidental introduction to an amiable family, chiefly, however, by the genial influence of a style of

[1] The Christ Hospital phrase, not for holidays altogether, but for those on which the boys are permitted to go beyond the precincts of the school.

poetry, so tender and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious, as the sonnets and other early poems of Mr. Bowles. Well would it have been for me, perhaps, had I never relapsed into the same mental disease; if I had continued to pluck the flower and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic lore. And if in after time I have sought a refuge from bodily pain and mismanaged sensibility in abstruse researches, which exercised the strength and subtlety of the understanding, without awakening the feelings of the heart, still there was a long and blessed interval, during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develop themselves;—my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds.

To face p. 87.

THE SCHOOL AT HERTFORD.

TO MR. POOLE

"*From October* 1781 *to October* 1782.—After the death of my father, we, of course, changed houses, and I remained with my mother till the spring of 1782, and was a day-scholar to Parson Warren, my father's successor. He was not very deep, I believe; and I used to delight my poor mother by relating little instances of his deficiency in grammar knowledge —every detraction from his merits seeming an oblation to the memory of my father, especially as Warren did certainly *pulpitize* much better. Somewhere, I think, about April 1782, Judge Buller, who had been educated by my father, sent for me, having procured a Christ's Hospital presentation. I accordingly went to London, and was received and entertained by my mother's brother, Mr. Bowdon. He was generous as the air, and a man of very

considerable talents; but he was fond, as others have been, of his bottle. He received me with great affection, and I stayed ten weeks at his house, during which I went occasionally to Judge Buller's. My uncle was very proud of me, and used to carry me from coffee-house to coffee-house, and tavern to tavern, where I drank, and talked, and disputed as if I had been a man. Nothing was more common than for a large party to exclaim in my hearing, that I was a prodigy, and so forth; so that while I remained at my uncle's I was most completely spoilt and pampered, both mind and body.

"At length the time came, and I donned the blue coat and yellow stockings, and was sent down to Hertford, a town twenty miles from London, where there are about 300 of the younger Blue-coat boys. At Hertford I was very happy on the whole, for I had plenty to eat and drink, and we had pudding and vegetables almost every day. I remained there six weeks, and then was drafted up to the great school in London, where I arrived in September 1782, and was placed in the second ward,

then called Jefferies' Ward, and in the Under Grammar School. There are twelve wards, or dormitories, of unequal sizes, besides the sick ward, in the great school; and they contained altogether 700 boys, of whom I think nearly one-third were the sons of clergymen. There are five schools — mathematical, grammar, drawing, reading, and writing—all very large buildings. When a boy is admitted, if he reads very badly, he is either sent to Hertford, or to the Reading School. Boys are admissible from seven to twelve years of age. If he learns to read tolerably well before nine, he is drafted into the Lower Grammar School, if not, into the Writing School, as having given proof of unfitness for classical studies. If, before he is eleven, he climbs up to the first form of the Lower Grammar School, he is drafted into the Head Grammar School. If not, at eleven years of age, he is sent into the Writing School, where he continues till fourteen or fifteen, and is then either apprenticed or articled as a clerk, or whatever else his turn of mind or of fortune shall have provided for him. Two or three times a year

the Mathematical Master beats up for recruits for the King's boys, as they are called; and all who like the navy are drafted into the Mathematical and Drawing Schools, where they continue till sixteen or seventeen years of age, and go out as midshipmen, and schoolmasters in the navy. The boys who are drafted into the Head Grammar School, remain there till thirteen; and then, if not chosen for the University, go into the Writing School.

"Each dormitory has a nurse or matron, and there is a head matron to superintend all these nurses. The boys were, when I was admitted, under excessive subordination to each other according to rank in school; and every ward was governed by four Monitors — appointed by the steward, who was the supreme governor out of school — our temporal lord — and by four Markers, who wore silver medals, and were appointed by the Head Grammar Master, who was our supreme spiritual lord. The same boys were commonly both Monitors and Markers. We read in classes on Sundays to our Markers, and were catechised by

them, and under their sole authority during prayers, &c.

"All other authority was in the Monitors;

Carrying the Crug-basket

but, as I said, the same boys were ordinarily both the one and the other. Our diet was very scanty. Every morning a bit of dry bread and some bad small beer. Every

evening a larger piece of bread, and cheese or butter, whichever we liked. For dinner,—on Sunday, boiled beef and broth; Monday, bread and butter, and milk and water; Tuesday, roast mutton; Wednesday, bread and butter, and rice milk; Thursday, boiled beef and broth; Friday, boiled mutton and broth; Saturday, bread and butter, and pease-porridge. Our food was portioned; and, excepting on Wednesdays, I never had a bellyfull. Our appetites were damped, never satisfied; and we had no vegetables."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHIC NOTE OF 1832

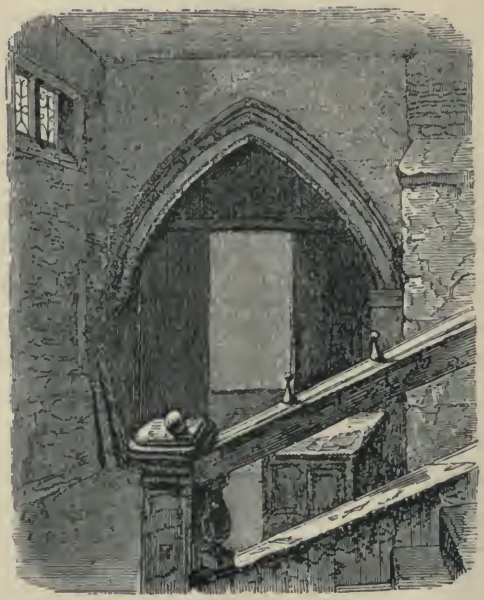
Oh! what a change! Depressed, moping, friendless, poor orphan, half-starved (at that time the portion of food to the Blue-coats was cruelly insufficient for those who had no friends to supply them). From eight to fourteen, I was a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo librorum*, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular incident: a stranger, who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside. I read *through* the catalogue, folios and all, whether I understood them or did not understand them, running all risks in skulking out to get the two volumes which I was entitled to have daily. Conceive what I must have been at fourteen; I was in a continual low fever. My whole being was, with

eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a sunny corner, and read, read, read; fancy myself on Robinson Crusoe's island, finding a mountain of plum-cake, and eating a room for myself, and then eating it into the shapes of chairs and tables—hunger and fancy! . . .

My talents and superiority made me for ever at the head in my routine of study, though utterly without the desire to be so; without a spark of ambition; and, as to emulation, it had no meaning for me; but the difference between me and my form-fellows, in our lessons and exercises, bore no proportion to the measureless difference between me and them in the wide, wild wilderness of useless, unarranged book-knowledge and book-thoughts. Thank Heaven, it was not the age nor the fashion of getting up prodigies! but at twelve or fourteen I should have made as pretty a juvenile prodigy as was ever emasculated and ruined by fond and idle wonderment. Thank Heaven, I was flogged instead of flattered! However, as I climbed up the school, my lot was somewhat alleviated. . . .

Against my will, I was chosen by my master as one of those destined for the University; and about this time my brother Luke, or "the Doctor," so called from his infancy, because, being the seventh son, he had, from his infancy, been dedicated to the medical profession, came to town to walk the London Hospital, under the care of Sir William Blizard. Mr. Saumarez, brother of the Admiral Lord Saumarez, was his intimate friend. Every Saturday I could make or obtain leave, to the London Hospital trudged I. Oh the bliss if I was permitted to hold the plasters, or to attend the dressings. Thirty years afterwards, Mr. Saumarez retained the liveliest recollections of the extraordinary, enthusiastic Blue-coat boy, and was exceedingly affected in identifying me with that boy. I became wild to be apprenticed to a surgeon. English, Latin, yea, Greek books of medicine read I incessantly. Blanchard's "Latin Medical Dictionary" I had nearly by heart. Briefly, it was a wild dream, which gradually blending with, gradually gave way to a rage for metaphysics, occasioned by the

essays on Liberty and Necessity in Cato's Letters, and more by theology. After I had read Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," I



OLD STAIRCASE

sported infidel! but my infidel vanity never touched my heart; . . . with my heart I never did abandon the name of Christ. . . .

To face p. 97.

THE COLERIDGE MEMORIAL.

[At about fifteen I became acquainted with a widow lady] whose son I, as an upper boy, had protected, and who therefore looked up to me, and taught me what it was to have a mother. I loved her as such. She had three daughters, and of course I fell in love with the eldest. From this time to my nineteenth year, when I quitted school for Jesus, Cambridge, was the era of poetry and love. . . .

From the exuberance of my animal spirits, when I had burst forth from my misery and moping, and the indiscretions resulting from those spirits—*ex. gr.*, swimming over the New River in my clothes, and remaining in them—full half the time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick-ward of Christ's Hospital, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever.

FROM "TABLE-TALK"

May 27, 1830

FLOGGING—ELOQUENCE OF ABUSE

I HAD *one* just flogging. When I was about thirteen, I went to a shoemaker and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He, being an honest man, immediately brought me to Bowyer, who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even pushed Crispin rudely out of the room. Bowyer asked me why I had made myself such a fool? to which I answered, that I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman.

"Why so?" said he. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said I, "I am an infidel!" For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me—wisely, as I think; soundly, as I know.

Any whining or sermonising would have gratified my vanity, and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly.

June 10, 1832

CHARM FOR CRAMP

When I was a little boy at the Blue-coat School, there was a charm for one's foot when asleep; and I believe it had been in the school since its foundation, in the time of Edward the Sixth. The march of intellect has probably now exploded it. It ran thus:—

> Foot! foot! foot! is fast asleep!
> Thumb! thumb! thumb! in spittle we steep:
> Crosses three we make to ease us,
> Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus!

And the same charm served for a cramp in the leg, with the following substitution:—

> The devil is tying a knot in my leg!
> Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg!—
> Crosses three, &c.

And really, upon getting out of bed, where the cramp most frequently occurred, pressing the sole of the foot on the cold floor, and then repeating this charm with the acts configurative thereupon prescribed, I can safely affirm that I do not remember an instance in which the cramp did not go away in a few seconds. I should not wonder if it were equally good for a stitch in the side, but I cannot say I ever tried it for *that.*

August 16, 1832

BOWYER

The discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying the first day of my return after the holidays, "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first-cousin, and your second-cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!"

No tongue can express good Mrs. Bowyer. Val. le Grice and I were going to be flogged for some domestic misdeeds, and Bowyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in, and said, "Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!" This saved us. Bowyer was so nettled at the interruption that he growled out, "Away, woman! away!" and we were let off.

FROM THE "COURIER"

MR. WAITHMAN and others have petitioned the Lord Chancellor to interfere, as Visitor, with the governments and laws of that most important school, Christ's Hospital; and Sir S. Romilly has been instructed to affirm, that the original design of the institution was expressly to give the benefits of instruction "*to the children of poor and needy beggars!!*" And yet this very school is in the earliest writings styled Orphanotrophium, or a nursery for the *fatherless*. Well! in the first place we request Mr. Waithman and his friend, the Alderman, to examine and collate the original foundations, writings, and earliest documents of the colleges, at our two Universities, and above all, of Westminster, Charter-house, and Merchant Taylors' Schools — and fairly to make it known, whether they will not have

discovered either the same or similar words as are *really* existent in the charters, &c., of Christ's Hospital. Secondly, we venture to assert that such an education, with such comforts as are given to near a thousand boys, by the governors and trustees of Christ's Hospital, if actually confined to the lowest and most necessitous classes, would be a curse to the country and not a blessing. For its constant effect would be to call off hundreds yearly from the plough and the dray, to lift them up into a class which is already overstocked, and where, in nineteen cases out of twenty, they would be worse than useless. A clerkship of constant and laborious attendance, and of only £50 a year salary with no perquisites, was lately advertised, and the first morning brought ninety-three letters of application! Thirdly, we shall inform Messrs. Waithman & Co., what the true and specific purpose of Christ's Hospital is, and wherein its great and most affecting utility consists, and for which there neither exists, nor is there likely to be hereafter furnished, any adequate substitute. It is to preserve, in

the same rank of life in which they were born, the children of reputable persons of the middle class, who either by the death or overwhelming calamities of their parents must otherwise have sunk down to a state, which to *them* would be penury and heart-breaking, because alike unfitted to their bodily and their mental habits. To preserve, and not to disturb or destroy, the gradations of Society : to catch the falling, not to lift up the standing from their natural and native rank ; to comfort the broken-hearted widow, and present to her in after years her orphan child fitted and assisted to become the representative of his lost father ; not to inflate those who would themselves have filled up the place of their parents in circumstances squared to their habits from the cradle ; these, and occasionally to *prevent* distress by diminishing the embarrassment of a numerous family, are the true moral purposes, the specific use of Christ's Hospital. Hence, the governor is equally mistaken in his sense of duty who presents a child from the lowest class of society, as he who presents the child of a man of fortune

or flourishing merchant. In consequence, there is a proper jealousy that two-thirds of the whole admission should be appropriated to the children of freemen of London ; and thus by the first charter. And are the freemen of London *poor and needy beggars ?*

On the same principle rests the sole exception to this rule, viz., That the children, orphans or not, of clergymen of the Church of England, are by special privilege admissible by the same presentations as if they had been the sons of London freemen. And are the clergy of England poor and needy beggars ? Hence too it is, that with exceptions of wretches whose very heart-blood is turned to gall and bitterness by the restless malignancy of faction, the tradesmen and householders of London look with such an eye of peculiar affection on the Blue-coat boy, as he passes along the streets on one of his *leave* days ; that the boys seem to meet with friends and relations everywhere, and are in consequence distinguished by their civility, good manners, and modest pride, at equi-distance from the rudeness and insolence of the great

public schools, and the abject manners of common charity children. For every householder, who has not secured wealth for his family, though he may for the present enjoy the fairest prospects—yet contemplating the chances of premature death, of the possibility (and in these uncertain times the more than that) of impoverishment or failure, consoles himself, that at the worst one or two of his children will have a claim to be bred up as well, as tenderly, and as liberally as he himself had been, and as he himself would breed them up, should Providence permit him to remain in the station he occupies. We are confident that the Lord Chancellor will hesitate long before he attempts to remove a blessing, of which there is no parallel in Europe, in order to convert it into an *injury*, if the same plan of education and manners be retained; or if this is to be lowered to the lowest, into a *superfluous addition* to institutions already scarcely to be numbered, and the advantage of which has been deemed disputable by the wisest and gravest of our writers on political economy. We conclude

by declaring solemnly, and on our conscience, that we can hardly imagine a larger sum of goodness and of consolation struck off at once from the ledger of useful benevolence, than would be torn out or vilely scribbled over by the complete success of Robert Waithman's wishes. We do not justify the admission of Dr. Warren's son : it was against the true principles of the foundation ; but, perhaps, it would be difficult to detect a second case equally glaring among the whole one thousand boys that are educated under it. And was there never any private pique or quarrel between the patriot and the parson ?

GENEVIEVE

MAID of my Love, sweet GENEVIEVE,
In Beauty's light thou glid'st along;
Thine eye is like the star of Eve;
Thy voice is lovely as the Seraph's song.

Yet not thy heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow;
Within thy soul a voice there lives—
It bids thee hear the tearful plaint of Woe.

When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no friendly hand, that saves;
Fair, as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er quick-rolling waves,
I've seen thy breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I thee, sweet GENEVIEVE!

S. T. C.

1786.

LETTERS FROM CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

LETTER I

[LONDON, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,]
Feb. 4, 1785.

DEAR MOTHER,—I received your letter with pleasure on the second instant, and should have had it sooner but that we had not a holiday before last Tuesday, when my brother delivered it me. I also with gratitude received the two handkerchiefs and the half-a-crown from Mr. Badcock, to whom I would be glad if you would give my thanks. I shall be more careful of the somme, as I now consider that were it not for my kind friends I should be as destitute of many little necessaries as some of my school-fellows are; and Thank God and my relations for them! My brother Luke saw Mr. James Sorrel, who gave my brother a half-a-crown from Mrs. Smerdon, but mentioned not a word of the plumb cake, and said

he would call again. Return my most respectful thanks to Mrs. Smerdon for her kind favour. My aunt was so kind as to accommodate me with a box. I suppose my sister Anna's beauty has many admirers. My brother Luke says that Burke's Art of Speaking would be of great use to me. If Master Sam and Harry Badcock are not gone out of (Ottery) give my kindest love to them. Give my compliments to Mr. Blake and Miss Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Smerdon, Mr. and Mrs. Clapp, and all other friends in the country. My Uncle, Aunt, and Cousins join with myself and Brother in love to my sisters, and hope they are well, as I, your dutiful son,

S. COLERIDGE, am at present.

P.S.—Give my kind love to Molly.

LETTER II

To his Brother, LUKE HERMAN COLERIDGE, *on passing his Medical Examination*

May 12, 1787.

DEAR BROTHER,—To begin a letter I esteem the hardest part, therefore pardon me if I use

the hackneyed strain of "I take the opportunity of my brother's departure from town, &c., &c." I pray you pardon my not writing before. Five times have I set down with a fix'd resolution to write you, and five times have I torn it up before I have writ half of it —nothing in it pleased me. It was Stuff, as Mr. Boyer phrases it. But now can I write with much better will, if only to rejoice with you at your success. I am apt to think that for you Fortune will take off her bandage and reward merit for once. But I have forgot. My Aunt desired me in the beginning of this epistle to assure you "of her kindest love" to you; she never felt so much pleasure in her life as at your success. Old Bishop is somewhat better than an Atheist. He seldom fails of his oratorical abilities on the subject of our Saviour, the immortality of the soul. His arguments are very strong, as any wise man may see *as how* it can't be so. Heaven would not be large enough to hold all the souls of all men who have ever liv'd. It is remarkable how zealous all these infidels are to persuade you to embrace their fantastical doctrines.

Addison finely says, "They play for nothing; if they win, they win nothing, but if they lose —*We* are safe on both sides." Well, but to return (a good way to apologise for digression) I shall acquaint you how my affairs stand in our little world. Le Grice and I are very polite, very civil, and very cold. So that I doubly lament your absence, as I have now no one to whom I can open my heart in full confidence. I wish you would *remedy* that evil by keeping up an epistolary correspondence with me. It would in some measure supply the place of conversation. I suppose I shall be Græcian in about a year. Mr. Boyer says that if I take particular care of my exercises, &c., I may find myself rewarded sooner than I expected. I know not exactly what he means; but I believe it is something concerning putting me in the first form. I have sent you a couple of my English Verses, which my Brother thinks pretty good. I should of all things wish to see you before I am Græcian—Alia (?) also. You wished to make me a present of Burke's Art of Speaking; I am much obliged to you, but

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THE WRITING SCHOOL.

do not want it. He is often injudicious in his directions on laying the emphasis, and as for action, if you were to follow his rules your hands and arms would be comfortably tired before you got to the end of a speech. If you could send me a Young's Night Thoughts, I should be much obliged to you. Miss Calerica (?) and my cousin Bowden behave more kindly to me than I can express. I dine there every Saturday. But, above all, I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to my Brother George. *He* is father, brother, and everything to me. If you see Mr. Blake, present my compliments to him. Ought I to write him a letter? Here I shall make an end of this epistle by assuring you that I shall ever remain your unalterable friend and affectionate brother,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—In your next tell me how to direct to you.

Letter III

To his Brother, the Rev. George Coleridge

Undated, from Christ's Hospital, *before* 1790.

Dear Brother,—You will excuse me for reminding you that, as our holidays commence next week, and I shall go out a good deal, a good pair of breeches will be no inconsiderable accession to my appearance. For though my present pair are excellent for the purposes of drawing Mathematical Figures on them, and though a walking thought, sonnet, or epigram would appear on them in very *splendid* type, yet they are not altogether so well adapted for a female eye—not to mention that I should have the charge of Vanity brought against me for wearing a Looking-Glass. I hope you have got rid of your cold—and I am, your affectionate Brother,

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

P.S.—Can you let me have them time enough for re-adaptation before Whitsunday? I mean that they may be made up for me before that time.

Letter IV

To the Same

[Christ's Hospital] *May* 17, 1791.

My dear Brother,—Indeed I should have written you before, but that a bad sore-throat and still worse cough prevented me from mustering spirits adequate to the undertaking. The sore-throat gargarisation and attention have removed; my cough remains, and is, indeed, in its zenith; not Cerberus ever barked louder. Every act of tussitation seems to divorce my bowells and belly—indeed, if the said parties had not had a particular attachment to one another, they must have been long ago separated. Well, from catarrhs may Heaven preserve—

The lungs of all my Tribe!

I hope the country has had its wonted success in recruiting your Health and Spirits for the approaching school campaign. My Mother, I trust, is well, my brother James too, Mrs. J. and Mrs. L. Coleridge. I intended to have

written to my brother James, but Mr. Pitt and I have the honour of resembling one another in one particular—he in his *bellatory*, and I in my epistolary department—we are both men of *Preparation*. I availed myself of your note to draw upon my aunt for half-a-guinea. My aunt and Mrs. Parker are well, *I believe*, for I have not been out lately—indeed, I believe but *once* since your absence, and that was the time when at a lady's house I met Mr. Tomkins,[1] who is confessedly the finest Writer in Europe. He is likewise a literary character, having published an elegant collection of poems selected from the works of the best English poets. One or two of the poems (by no means bad ones) are his own productions. We had a long conversation together, in the close of which he declared that he thought me a very clever young man—and *I* declared that I thought his collection of poems one of the best collections I had ever seen — whereupon he insisted on my going

[1] "The title-page (of Madoc) will be in *classical* black letter, if such a term be allowable, like Duppa's title-page drawn by Mr. Tomkins, who is an amateur of Gothic kalography."—*Letters of Robert Southey*, vol. i., p. 296.

with him to Macklin's, to whose Gallery he can introduce whom he pleases; and here he shewed me the Title-page of Macklin's famous Bible, written by himself. It was, without hyperbole, most astonishingly beautiful. I could not help delicately insinuating that I conceived such writing not more the production of a fine-formed hand than the emanation of an elegant soul, and I ended with lamenting my own most shameful deficiency in this respect. He desired to see my writing. I showed him some; he might have read it by the light of my blushes. He, however, humanely endeavoured to recover me from my confusion by observing that, though it fell short of perfection in the article of neatness, straightness of direction, and similitude of dimension, it contained, nevertheless, the seeds of a good hand, which Time and attention alone were wanting to mature. He has given me a very pressing invitation, which I mean to accept, hoping to profit by his instruction and example.

I could not avoid being thus particular in the relation of the circumstances, since I

regard *them* as the causes and that time as the æra of my surprising conversion—a conversion to be paralleled by none since the Conversion of St. Paul. And now, my dear Brother, duty as well as affection prompts me to conclude the narration of this event by admonishing you to pursue the same course of reformation, as your handwriting, though sufficiently gentleman-like, is most hieroglyphically obscure.

[No signature; the letter in a copperplate hand.]

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

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JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

Admitted, 23rd Nov., 1791; discharged, 20th Nov., 1799

LEIGH HUNT and his brother, it is said, were unmistakably American, that is Creole, in their appearance. The boy Leigh had dark eyes and hair, and an animated expression, to which maternal petting had given confidence. The mother had been told that "if he survived to the age of fifteen he might turn out to possess a more than average amount of intellect; but that otherwise he stood a chance of dying an idiot." In early childhood he had many illnesses, and was naturally tended with a very special solicitude. He had a pleasing voice, moreover, and was encouraged to use it; "Alone, by the light of the moon," being the show song, and "Dans votre lit" the family favourite—both "by Mr. Hook."

School-life was a sudden and rather a terrible

change from such surroundings; but he had a good foundation of stubborn endurance, which, combined with his chivalry towards all in trouble, saved him from ultimately going to the wall. As a rule he would neither fight nor run away, and probably remained a partial mystery to the common herd; but his social gifts were valued in the cloisters by some of the choicer spirits whom he delighted to call his friends.

FORM OF ADMISSION

158 1st April 1791.

To the Right Honourable, Right Worshipful, and Worshipful the Governors of CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL, LONDON.

The humble Petition of The Revd. Isaac Hunt *of the Parish of* St Pancras *in the County of* Middx: Clerk in Orders *Humbly Sheweth,*

THAT the Petitioner has a Wife and five Children one of whom is under the Age of Fourteen & dependant upon the Petitioner for Maintenance & Education

Pain Dr. H

Therefore he humbly beseeches your Worships, in your usual Pity and Charity to distressed Men, poor Widows, and Fatherless Children, to grant the Admission of his said Child *into* CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL, *named* James Henry Leigh Hunt *of the Age of* Seven *Years & upwards there to be Educated and brought up among other poor Children.*

BORN 19th Octo. 1784

BAPTD. 30 Octor. 1791.

Reg: fo 183 Y

WE, the Minister, Church-wardens, and others of the Parish of St Pancras in the County of Middlesex whose Names are hereunto subscribed, do Certify, That the Children Isaac Hunt Father of the said James Henry Leigh Hunt as a ~~Freeman of the City of London and Companion~~ Clergyman of the Church of England and that the said Child is at present of the Age of Seven Years & upwards and is no Foundling, having been born in the Month of October 1784 nor maintained at the Parish Charges; and that we know of no probable Means for the Education of the said Child, unless the said Governors of CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL should admit him into the said Hospital; which, if they shall be pleased to do, We, together with the Father of the said Child, do fully consent and agree to leave the said Child to the Disposal of the Governors of the said Hospital, to bind him an Apprentice to such Trade or Calling, whether for Land or Sea Employments, as they shall judge the said Child most fit and proper for: And we, together with the Father of the said Child, do promise and oblige ourselves not only to ratify and confirm the same, in case the Governors of the said Hospital shall please to dispose of the said Child; but also We the Minister and Church-wardens aforesaid, for ourselves and our Successors, promise and oblige ourselves to discharge the said Hospital of the said Child, as the Age of Seven Years, or at any Time before or after the said Age, wherever the said Hospital shall require the same of us. Witness our Hands this twenty-fourth Day of November One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-one

Adm Lomo. f. 23
Clerk's 24.

Nov. 24 1791

Ben Means A.M. Minister.

Richd Holbrook
John Hall
E. Newton
Jas Wilson Crosse
John Gilbert
Isaac Hunt

Church-wardens.

Three Housekeepers

The Petitioner.

Marshall Street. Soho
London

This will be properly filled up, if brought to the Counting-House to the Hospital any Day (except Saturday) from NINE to THREE o'Clock.

SCHOOL-DAYS

Books for children during the latter part of the eighteenth century had been in a bad way, with sordid and merely plodding morals —ethics that were necessary perhaps for a certain stage in the progress of commerce and for its greatest ultimate purposes (undreamt of by itself), but which thwarted healthy and large views of society for the time being. They were the consequences of an altogether unintellectual state of trade, aided and abetted by such helps to morality as Hogarth's pictures of the Good and Bad Apprentice, which identified virtue with prosperity.

Hogarth, in most of his pictures, was as healthy a moralist as he supposed himself, but not for the reasons which he supposed. The gods he worshipped were Truth and

Prudence ; but he saw more of the carnal than spiritual beauties of either. He was somewhat of a vulgarian in intention as well as mode. But wherever there is genius, there is a genial something greater than the accident of breeding, than the prevailing disposition, or even than the conscious design ; and this portion of divinity within the painter, saw fair-play between his conventional and immortal part. It put the beauty of colour into his mirth, the counteraction of mirth into his melancholy, and a lesson beyond his intention into all : that is to say, it suggested redemptions and first causes for the objects of his satire ; and thus vindicated the justice of nature, at the moment when he was thinking of little but the pragmaticalness of art.

The children's books in those days were Hogarth's pictures taken in their most literal acceptation. Every good boy was to ride in his coach, and be a lord mayor ; and every bad boy was to be hung, or eaten by lions. The gingerbread was gilt, and the books were gilt like the gingerbread,—a "take in" the

more gross, inasmuch as nothing could be plainer or less dazzling than the books of the same boys when they grew a little older. There was a lingering old ballad or so in favour of the gallanter apprentices who tore out lions' hearts and astonished gazing sultans; and in antiquarian corners, Percy's "Reliques" were preparing a nobler age, both in poetry and prose. But the first counteraction came, as it ought, in the shape of a new book for children. The pool of mercenary and time-serving ethics was first blown over by the fresh country breeze of Mr. Day's *Sandford and Merton* — a production that I well remember, and shall ever be grateful to. It came in aid of my mother's perplexities between delicacy and hardihood, between courage and conscientiousness. It assisted the cheerfulness I inherited from my father; showed me that circumstances were not to crush a healthy gaiety, or the most masculine self-respect; and helped to supply me with the resolution of standing by a principle, not merely as a point of lowly or lofty sacrifice, but as a matter of common sense and

duty, and a simple co-operation with the elements of natural welfare.

I went, nevertheless, to school at Christ Hospital, an ultra-sympathising and timid boy. The sight of boys fighting, from which I had been so anxiously withheld, frightened me as something devilish; and the least threat of corporal chastisement to a school-fellow (for the lesson I had learned would have enabled me to bear it myself) affected me to tears. I remember to this day, merely on that account, the name of a boy who was to receive punishment for some offence about a task. It was Lemoine. (I hereby present him with my respects, if he is an existing old gentleman, and hope he has not lost a pleasing countenance.) He had a cold and hoarseness; and his voice, while pleading in mitigation, sounded to me so pathetic, that I wondered how the master could have the heart to strike him.

Readers who have been at a public school, may guess the consequence. I was not of a disposition to give offence, but neither was I quick to take it; and this, to the rude,

energy-cultivating spirit of boys in general (not the worst thing in the world, till the pain in preparation for them can be diminished), was in itself an offence. I therefore "went to the wall," till address, and the rousing of my own spirit, tended to right me; but I went through a great deal of fear in the process. I became convinced, that if I did not put moral courage in the place of personal, or, in other words, undergo any stubborn amount of pain and wretchedness, rather than submit to what I thought wrong, there was an end for ever, as far as I was concerned, of all those fine things that had been taught me, in vindication of right and justice.

Whether it was, however, that by the help of animal spirits I possessed some portion of the courage for which the rest of the family was remarkable—or whether I was a veritable coward, born or bred, destined to show, in my person, how far a spirit of love and freedom could supersede the necessity of gall, and procure me the respect of those about me—certain it is, that although, except in one instance, I did my best to avoid,

and succeeded honourably in avoiding, those personal encounters with my school-fellows, which, in confronting me on my own account with the face of a fellow-creature, threw me upon a sense of something devilish, and overwhelmed me with a sort of terror for both parties, yet I gained at an early period of boyhood the reputation of a romantic enthusiast, whose daring in behalf of a friend or a good cause nothing could put down. I was obliged to call in the aid of a feeling apart from my own sense of personal antagonism, and so merge the diabolical, as it were, into the human. In other words, I had not self-respect or gall enough to be angry on my own account, unless there was something at stake which, by concerning others, gave me a sense of support, and so pieced out my want with their abundance. The moment, however, that I felt thus supported, not only did all misgiving vanish from my mind, but contempt of pain took possession of my body; and my poor mother might have gloried through her tears in the loving courage of her son.

I state the case thus proudly, both in justice to the manner in which she trained me, and because I conceive it may do good. I never fought with a boy but once, and then it was on my own account; but though I beat him I was frightened, and eagerly sought his good will. I dared everything, however, from the biggest and strongest boys on other accounts, and was sometimes afforded an opportunity of showing my spirit of martyrdom. The truth is, I could suffer better than act; for the utmost activity of martyrdom is supported by a certain sense of passiveness. We are not bold from ourselves, but from something which compels us to be so, and which supports us by a sense of the necessity.

I had not been long in the school, when this spirit within me broke out in a manner that procured me great esteem. There was a monitor or "big boy" in office, who had a trick of entertaining himself by pelting lesser boys' heads with a hard ball. He used to throw it at this boy and that; make the *throwee* bring it back to him; and then send a rap with it on his cerebellum, as he was going off.

I had borne this spectacle one day for some time, when the family precepts rising within me, I said to myself, "I must go up to the monitor and speak to him about this." I issued forth accordingly, and to the astonishment of all present, who had never witnessed such an act of insubordination, I said, "You have no right to do this." The monitor, more astounded than any one, exclaimed, "What?" I repeated my remonstrance. He treated me with the greatest contempt, as if disdaining even to strike me; and finished by ordering me to "stand out." "Standing out" meant going to a particular spot in the hall where we dined. I did so; but just as the steward (the master in that place) was entering it, the monitor called to me to come away; and I neither heard any more of standing out, nor saw any more of the ball. I do not recollect that he even "spited" me afterwards, which must have been thought very remarkable. I seemed fairly to have taken away the breath of his calculations. The probability is, that he was a good lad who had got a bad habit. Boys often become

tyrants from a notion of its being grand and manly.

Another monitor, a year or two afterwards, took it into his head to force me to be his fag. Fag was not the term at our school, though it was in our vocabulary. Fag, with us, meant eatables. The learned derived the word from the Greek *phago*, to eat. I had so little objection to serve out of love, that there is no office I could not have performed for good will; but it had been given out that I had determined not to be a menial on any other terms, and the monitor in question undertook to bring me to reason. He was a mild, good-looking boy about fourteen, remarkable for the neatness, and even elegance, of his appearance.

Receiving the refusal, for which he had been prepared, he showed me a knot in a long handkerchief, and told me I should receive a lesson from that handkerchief every day, with the addition of a fresh knot every time, unless I chose to alter my mind. I did not choose. I received the daily or rather nightly lesson, for it was then most convenient

to strip me, and I came out of the ordeal in triumph. I never was fag to anybody; never made anybody's bed, or cleaned his shoes, or was the boy to get his tea, much less expected to stand as a screen for him before the fire, which I have seen done; though, upon the whole, the boys were very mild governors.

Lamb has noticed the character of the school for good manners, which he truly describes as being equally removed from the pride of aristocratic foundations and the servility of the charity schools. I believe it retains this character still; though the changes which its system underwent not long ago, fusing all the schools into one another, and introducing a more generous diet, is thought by some not to have been followed by an advance in other respects. I have heard the school charged, more lately, with having been suffered, in the intervals between the school hours, to fall out of the liberal and gentlemanly supervision of its best teachers, into the hands of an officious and ignorant sectarianism. But this may only have been a passing abuse.

I love and honour the school on private accounts; and I feel a public interest in its welfare, inasmuch as it is one of those judicious links with all classes, the importance of which, especially at a time like the present, cannot be too highly estimated; otherwise, I should have said nothing to its possible, and I hope transient disadvantage. Queen Victoria recognised its importance, by visits and other personal condescensions, long before the late changes in Europe could have diminished the grace of their bestowal; and I will venture to say that every one of those attentions will have sown for her generous nature a crop of loyalty worth having.

But for the benefit of such as are unacquainted with the city, or with a certain track of reading, I must give a more particular account of a school which in truth is a curiosity. Thousands of inhabitants of the metropolis have gone from west-end to east-end, and till the new hall was laid open to view by the alterations in Newgate Street, never suspected that in the heart of it lies an old cloistered foundation, where a boy may

grow up as I did, among six hundred others, and know as little of the very neighbourhood as the world does of him.

Perhaps there is not a foundation in the country so truly English, taking that word to mean what Englishmen wish it to mean—something solid, unpretending, of good character, and free to all. More boys are to be found in it, who issue from a greater variety of ranks, than in any other school in the kingdom; and as it is the most various, so it is the largest, of all the free schools. Nobility do not go there, except as boarders. Now and then a boy of a noble family may be met with, and he is reckoned an interloper, and against the charter; but the sons of poor gentry and London citizens abound; and with them an equal share is given to the sons of tradesmen of the very humblest description, not omitting servants. I would not take my oath—but I have a strong recollection, that in my time there were two boys, one of whom went up into the drawing-room to his father, the master of the house; and the other, down into the kitchen to *his* father, the coachman.

One thing, however, I know to be certain, and it is the noblest of all, namely, that the boys themselves (at least it was so in my time) had no sort of feeling of the difference of one another's ranks out of doors. The cleverest boy was the noblest, let his father be who he might. Christ Hospital is a nursery of tradesmen, of merchants, of naval officers, of scholars; it has produced some of the greatest ornaments of their time; and the feeling among the boys themselves is, that it is a medium between the patrician pretension of such schools as Eton and Westminster, and the plebeian submission of the charity schools. In point of university honours it claims to be equal with the best; and though other schools can show a greater abundance of eminent names, I know not where many will be found who are a greater host in themselves. One original author is worth a hundred transmitters of elegance: and such a one is to be found in Richardson, who here received what education he possessed. Here Camden also received the rudiments of his. Bishop Stillingfleet, according to the *Memoirs of Pepys*,

was brought up in the school. We have had many eminent scholars, two of them Greek professors, to wit, Barnes and the present Mr. Scholefield, the latter of whom attained an extraordinary succession of university honours. The rest are Markland; Middleton, late Bishop of Calcutta; and Mitchell, the translator of *Aristophanes*. Christ Hospital, I believe, towards the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present, sent out more living writers, in its proportion, than any other school. There was Dr. Richards, author of the *Aboriginal Britons:* Dyer, whose life was one unbroken dream of learning and goodness, and who used to make us wonder with passing through the school-room (where no other person in "town clothes" ever appeared) to consult books in the library; Le Grice, the translator of *Longus;* Horne, author of some well-known productions in controversial divinity; Surr, the novelist (not in the Grammar School); James White, the friend of Charles Lamb, and not unworthy of him, author of *Falstaff's Letters* (this was he who used to give an anniversary dinner to the

chimney-sweepers, merrier than, though not so magnificent as Mrs. Montague's); Pitman, a celebrated preacher, editor of some school-books and religious classics; Mitchell, before mentioned; myself, who stood next him; Barnes, who came next, the Editor of the *Times*, than whom no man (if he had cared for it) could have been more certain of attaining celebrity for wit and literature; Townsend, a prebendary of Durham, author of *Armageddon*, and several theological works; Gilly, another of the Durham prebendaries, an amiable man, who wrote the *Narrative of the Waldenses;* Scargill, a Unitarian minister, author of some tracts on Peace and War, &c.; and lastly, whom I have kept by way of climax, Coleridge and Charles Lamb, two of the most original geniuses, not only of the day, but of the country.

We have had an ambassador among us; but as he, I understand, is ashamed of us, we are hereby more ashamed of him, and accordingly omit him.

In the time of Henry the Eighth—Christ Hospital was a monastery of Franciscan friars.

Being dissolved among the others, Edward the Sixth, moved by a sermon of Bishop Ridley's, assigned the revenues of it to the maintenance and education of a certain number of poor orphan children, born of citizens of London. I believe there has been no law passed to alter the letter of this intention; which is a pity, since the alteration has taken place. An extension of it was probably very good, and even demanded by circumstances. I have reason, for one, to be grateful for it. But tampering with matters-of-fact among children is dangerous. They soon learn to distinguish between allowed poetical fiction and that which they are told, under severe penalties, never to be guilty of; and this early sample of contradiction between the thing asserted and the obvious fact, can do no good even in an establishment so plain-dealing in other respects as Christ Hospital. The place is not only designated as an Orphan-house in its Latin title, but the boys, in the prayers which they repeat every day, implore the pity of heaven upon "us poor orphans." I remember the perplexity this caused me at a

very early period. It is true, the word orphan may be used in a sense implying destitution of any sort; but this was not its Christ Hospital intention; nor do the younger boys give it the benefit of that scholarly interpretation. There was another thing (now, I believe, done away) which existed in my time, and perplexed me still more. It seemed a glaring instance of the practice likely to result from the other assumption, and made me prepare for a hundred falsehoods and deceptions, which, mixed up with contradiction, as most things in society are, I sometimes did find, and oftener dreaded. I allude to a foolish custom they had in the ward which I first entered, and which was the only one that the company at the public suppers were in the habit of going into, of hanging up, by the side of each bed, a clean white napkin, which was supposed to be the one used by the occupiers. Now these napkins were only for show, the real towels being of the largest and coarsest kind. If the masters had been asked about them, they would doubtless have told the truth; perhaps the nurses would have

done so. But the boys were not aware of this. There they saw these "white lies" hanging before them, a conscious imposition; and I well remember how alarmed I used to feel, lest any of the company should direct their inquiries to me.

Christ Hospital (for this is its proper name, and not Christ's Hospital) occupies a considerable portion of ground between Newgate Street, Giltspur Street, St. Bartholomew's, and Little Britain. There is a quadrangle with cloisters; and the square inside the cloisters is called the Garden, and most likely was the monastery garden. Its only delicious crop, for many years, has been pavement. Another large area, presenting the Grammar and Navigation Schools, is also misnomered the Ditch; the town-ditch having formerly run that way. In Newgate Street is seen the Hall, or eating-room, one of the noblest in England, adorned with enormously long paintings by Verrio and others, and with an organ. A portion of the old quadrangle once contained the library of the monks, and was built or repaired by the famous Whittington, whose arms were to be

seen outside; but alterations of late years have done it away.

In the cloisters a number of persons lie buried, besides the officers of the house. Among them is Isabella, wife of Edward the Second, the "She-wolf of France." I was not

Tablet in the Cloisters

aware of this circumstance then; but many a time, with a recollection of some lines in "Blair's Grave" upon me, have I run as hard as I could at night-time from my ward to another, in order to borrow the next volume of some ghostly romance. In one of the

cloisters was an impression resembling a gigantic foot, which was attributed by some to the angry stamping of the ghost of a beadle's wife! A beadle was a higher sound to us than to most, as it involved ideas of detected apples in church-time, "skulking" (as it was called) out of bounds, and a power of reporting us to the masters. But fear does not stand upon rank and ceremony.

The wards, or sleeping-rooms, are twelve, and contained, in my time, rows of beds on each side, partitioned off, but connected with one another, and each having two boys to sleep in it. Down the middle ran the binns for holding bread and other things, and serving for a table when the meal was not taken in the hall; and over the binns hung a great homely chandelier.

To each of these wards a nurse was assigned, who was the widow of some decent liveryman of London, and who had the charge of looking after us at night-time, seeing to our washing, &c., and carving for us at dinner: all of which gave her a good deal of power, more than her name warranted. The nurses,

however, were almost invariably very decent people, and performed their duty; which was not always the case with the young ladies, their daughters. There were five schools; a grammar-school, a mathematical or navigation-school (added by Charles the Second), a writing, a drawing, and a reading school. Those who could not read when they came on the foundation, went into the last. There were few in the last-but-one, and I scarcely know what they did, or for what object. The writing-school was for those who were intended for trade and commerce; the mathematical, for boys who went as midshipmen into the naval and East India service; and the grammar-school for such as were designed for the Church, and to go to the University. The writing-school was by far the largest; and, what is very curious (which is not the case now), all these schools were kept quite distinct; so that a boy might arrive at the age of fifteen in the grammar-school, and not know his multiplication-table; which was the case with myself. Nor do I know it to this day! Shades of Horace Walpole, and of Lord

Lyttelton! come to my assistance, and enable me to bear the confession: but so it is. The fault was not my fault at the time; but I ought to have repaired it when I went out in the world; and great is the mischief which it has done me.

Most of these schools had several masters; besides whom there was a steward, who took care of our subsistence, and who had a general superintendence over all hours and circumstances not connected with teaching. The masters had almost all been in the school, and might expect pensions or livings in their old age. Among those in my time, the mathematical master was Mr. Wales, a man well known for his science, who had been round the world with Captain Cook; for which we highly venerated him. He was a good man, of plain, simple manners, with a heavy large person and a benign countenance. When he was at Otaheite, the natives played him a trick while bathing, and stole his small-clothes; which we used to think a liberty scarcely credible. The name of the steward, a thin stiff man of invincible formality of

demeanour, admirably fitted to render encroachment impossible, was Hathaway. We of the grammar-school used to call him "the Yeoman," on account of Shakspeare having married the daughter of a man of that name, designated as "a substantial yeoman."

Our dress was of the coarsest and quaintest kind, but was respected out of doors, and is so. It consisted of a blue drugget gown, or body, with ample coats to it; a yellow vest underneath in winter-time; small-clothes of Russia duck; worsted yellow stockings; a leathern girdle; and a little black worsted cap, usually carried in the hand. I believe it was the ordinary dress of children in humble life during the reign of the Tudors. We used to flatter ourselves that it was taken from the monks; and there went a monstrous tradition, that at one period it consisted of blue velvet with silver buttons. It was said, also, that during the blissful era of the blue velvet, we had roast mutton for supper; but that the small-clothes not being then in existence, and the mutton suppers too luxurious, the eatables were given up for the ineffables.

A malediction, at heart, always followed the memory of him who had taken upon himself to decide so preposterously. To say the truth, we were not too well fed at that time, either in quantity or quality ; and we could not

A BLUE.

enter with our hungry imaginations into these remote philosophies. Our breakfast was bread and water, for the beer was too bad to drink. The bread consisted of the half of a three-halfpenny loaf, according to the prices then

current. I suppose it would now [1850] be a good twopenny one ; certainly not a threepenny. This was not much for growing boys, who had had nothing to eat from six or seven o'clock the preceding evening. For dinner we had the same quantity of bread, with meat only every other day, and that consisting of a small slice, such as would be given to an infant three or four years old. Yet even that, with all our hunger, we very often left half-eaten—the meat was so tough. On the other days we had a milk-porridge, ludicrously thin ; or rice-milk, which was better. There were no vegetables or puddings. Once a month we had roast beef ; and twice a year (I blush to think of the eagerness with which it was looked for !) a dinner of pork. One was roast, and the other boiled ; and on the latter occasion we had our only pudding, which was of peas. I blush to remember this, not on account of our poverty, but on account of the sordidness of the custom. There had much better have been none. For supper we had a like piece of bread, with butter or cheese ;

and then to bed, "with what appetite we might."

Our routine of life was this. We rose to the call of a bell, at six in summer, and seven in winter; and after combing ourselves, and washing our hands and faces, went, at the call of another bell, to breakfast. All this took up about an hour. From breakfast we proceeded to school, where we remained till eleven, winter and summer, and then had an hour's play. Dinner took place at twelve. Afterwards was a little play till one, when we again went to school, and remained till five in summer and four in winter. At six was the supper. We used to play after it in summer till eight. In winter, we proceeded from supper to bed. On Sundays, the school-time of the other days was occupied in church, both morning and evening; and as the Bible was read to us every day before every meal, and on going to bed, besides prayers and graces, we rivalled the monks in the religious part of our duties.

The effect was certainly not what was intended. The Bible, perhaps, was read thus

frequently, in the first instance, out of contradiction to the papal spirit that had so long kept it locked up; but, in the eighteenth century, the repetition was not so desirable among a parcel of hungry boys, anxious to get their modicum to eat. On Sunday, what with the long service in the morning, the service again after dinner, and the inaudible and indifferent tones of some of the preachers, it was unequivocally tiresome. I, for one, who had been piously brought up, and continued to have religion inculcated on me by father and mother, began secretly to become as indifferent as I thought the preachers; and, though the morals of the school were in the main excellent and exemplary, we all felt, without knowing it, that it was the orderliness and example of the general system that kept us so, and not the religious part of it, which seldom entered our heads at all, and only tired us when it did.

I am not begging any question here, or speaking for or against. I am only stating a fact. Others may argue that, however superfluous the readings and prayers might have

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CHRIST CHURCH.

been, a good general spirit of religion must have been inculcated, because a great deal of virtue and religious charity is known to have issued out of that school, and no fanaticism. I shall not dispute the point. The case is true; but not the less true is what I speak of. Latterly there came, as our parish clergyman, Mr. Crowther, a nephew of our famous Richardson, and worthy of the talents and virtues of his kinsman, though inclining to a mode of faith which is supposed to produce more faith than charity. But, till then, the persons who were in the habit of getting up in our church pulpit and reading-desk, might as well have hummed a tune to their diaphragms. They inspired us with nothing but mimicry. The name of the morning reader was Salt. He was a worthy man, I believe, and might, for aught we knew, have been a clever one; but he had it all to himself. He spoke in his throat, with a sound as if he were weak and corpulent; and was famous among us for saying "murracles" instead of "miracles." When we imitated him, this was the only word we drew upon: the rest was

unintelligible suffocation. Our usual evening preacher was Mr. Sandiford, who had the reputation of learning and piety. It was of no use to us, except to make us associate the ideas of learning and piety in the pulpit with inaudible humdrum. Mr. Sandiford's voice was hollow and low; and he had a habit of dipping up and down over his book, like a chicken drinking. Mr Salt was eminent for a single word. Mr. Sandiford surpassed him, for he had two audible phrases. There was, it is true, no great variety in them. One was "the dispensation of Moses;" the other (with a due interval of hum), "the Mosaic dispensation." These he used to repeat so often, that in our caricatures of him they sufficed for an entire portrait. The reader may conceive a large Church (it was Christ Church, Newgate Street), with six hundred boys, seated like charity-children up in the air, on each side of the organ, Mr. Sandiford humming in the valley, and a few maid-servants who formed his afternoon congregation. We did not dare to go to sleep. We were not allowed to read. The great boys used to get those that sat

behind them to play with their hair. Some whispered to their neighbours, and the others thought of their lessons and tops. I can safely say, that many of us would have been good listeners, and most of us attentive ones, if the clergyman could have been heard. As it was, I talked as well as the rest, or thought of my exercise. Sometimes we could not help joking and laughing over our weariness; and then the fear was, lest the steward had seen us. It was part of the business of the steward to preside over the boys in church-time. He sat aloof, in a place where he could view the whole of his flock. There was a ludicrous kind of revenge we had of him, whenever a particular part of the Bible was read. This was the parable of the Unjust Steward. The boys waited anxiously till the passage commenced; and then, as if by a general conspiracy, at the words, "thou unjust steward," the whole school turned their eyes upon this unfortunate officer, who sat

"Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved."

We persuaded ourselves, that the more unconscious he looked, the more he was acting.

By a singular chance, there were two clergymen, occasional preachers in our pulpit, who were as loud and startling as the others were somniferous. One of them, with a sort of flat, high voice, had a remarkable way of making a ladder of it, climbing higher and higher to the end of the sentence. It ought to be described by the gamut, or written uphill. Perhaps it was an association of ideas, that has made me recollect one particular passage. It is where Ahab consults the prophets, asking them whether he shall go up to Ramoth Gilead to battle. "Shall I go against Ramoth Gilead to battle, or shall I forbear? and they said, Go up; for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king." He used to give this out in such a manner, that you might have fancied him climbing out of the pulpit, sword in hand. The other was a tall thin man, with a noble voice. He would commence a prayer in a most stately and imposing manner, full both of dignity and feeling; and then, as if tired of it, would hurry over all the rest. Indeed, he began every prayer in this way, and was as sure to

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hurry it; for which reason, the boys hailed the sight of him, as they knew they should get sooner out of church. When he commenced, in his noble style, the band seemed to tremble against his throat, as though it had been a sounding-board.

Being able to read, and knowing a little Latin, I was put at once into the Under Grammar School. How much time I wasted there in learning the accidence and syntax, I cannot say; but it seems to me a long while. My grammar seemed always to open at the same place. Things are managed differently now, I believe, in this as well as in many other respects. Great improvements have been made in the whole establishment. The boys feed better, learn better, and have longer holidays in the country. In my time, they never slept out of the school, but on one occasion, during the whole of their stay; this was for three weeks in summer-time, which I have spoken of, and which they were bound to pass at a certain distance from London. They now have these holidays with a reasonable frequency; and they all

go to the different schools, instead of being confined, as they were then, some to nothing but writing and cyphering, and some to the languages. It has been doubted by some of us elders, whether this system will beget such temperate, proper students, with pale faces, as the other did. I dare say, our successors are not afraid of us. I had the pleasure, some years since, of dining in company with a Deputy Grecian, who, with a stout rosy-faced person, had not failed to acquire the scholarly turn for joking which is common to a classical education; as well as those simple, becoming manners, made up of modesty and proper confidence, which have been often remarked as distinguishing the boys on this foundation.

"But what is a Deputy Grecian?" Ah, reader! to ask that question, and at the same time to know anything at all worth knowing, would at one time, according to our notion of things, have been impossible. When I entered the school, I was shown three gigantic boys, young men rather (for the eldest was between seventeen and eighteen), who, I was told, were going to the University. These were the

Grecians. They were the three head boys of the Grammar School, and were understood to have their destiny fixed for the Church. The next class to these, like a College of Cardinals to those three Popes (for every Grecian was in our eyes infallible), were the Deputy Grecians. The former were supposed to have completed their Greek studies, and were deep in Sophocles and Euripides. The latter were thought equally competent to tell you anything respecting Homer and Demosthenes. These two classes, and the head boys of the Navigation School, held a certain rank over the whole place, both in school and out. Indeed, the whole of the Navigation School, upon the strength of cultivating their valour for the navy, and being called King's Boys, had succeeded in establishing an extraordinary pretension to respect. This they sustained in a manner as laughable to call to mind as it was grave in its reception. It was an etiquette among them never to move out of a right line as they walked, whoever stood in their way. I believe there was a secret understanding with Grecians and Deputy Grecians, the

former of whom were unquestionably lords paramount in point of fact, and stood and walked aloof when all the rest of the school were marshalled in bodies. I do not remember any clashing between these civil and naval powers; but I remember well my astonishment when I first beheld some of my little comrades overthrown by the progress of one of these very straightforward marine personages, who walked on with as tranquil and unconscious a face as if nothing had happened. It was not a fierce-looking push; there seemed to be no intention in it. The insolence lay in the boy not appearing to know that such inferior creatures existed. It was always thus, wherever he came. If aware, the boys got out of his way; if not, down they went, one or more; away rolled the top or the marbles, and on walked the future captain—

"In maiden navigation, frank and free."

These boys wore a badge on the shoulder, of which they were very proud; though in the streets it must have helped to confound them with charity boys. For charity boys,

I must own, we all had a great contempt, or thought so. We did not dare to know that there might have been a little jealousy of our own position in it, placed as we were midway between the homeliness of the common charity-school and the dignity of the foundations. We called them "*chizzy-wags*," and had a particular scorn and hatred of their nasal tone in singing.

The under grammar-master, in my time, was the Rev. Mr. Field. He was a good-looking man, very gentlemanly, and always dressed at the neatest. I believe he once wrote a play. He had the reputation of being admired by the ladies. A man of a more handsome incompetence for his situation perhaps did not exist. He came late of a morning; went away soon in the afternoon; and used to walk up and down, languidly bearing his cane, as if it were a lily, and hearing our eternal *Dominuses* and *As in præsenti's* with an air of ineffable endurance. Often he did not hear at all. It was a joke with us, when any of our friends came to the door, and we asked his permission to go to them, to address

him with some preposterous question wide of the mark; to which he used to assent. We would say, for instance, "Are you not a great fool, sir?" or, "Isn't your daughter a pretty girl?" to which he would reply, "Yes, child." When he condescended to hit us with the cane, he made a face as if he were taking physic. Miss Field, an agreeable-looking girl, was one of the goddesses of the school; as far above us as if she had lived on Olympus. Another was Miss Patrick, daughter of the lamp-manufacturer in Newgate Street. I do not remember her face so well, not seeing it so often; but she abounded in admirers. I write the names of these ladies at full length, because there is nothing that should hinder their being pleased at having caused us so many agreeable visions. We used to identify them with the picture of Venus in Tooke's Pantheon.

The other master, the upper one, Boyer—famous for the mention of him by Coleridge and Lamb—was a short stout man, inclining to punchiness, with large face and hands, an aquiline nose, long upper lip, and a sharp

mouth. His eye was close and cruel. The spectacles which he wore threw a balm over it. Being a clergyman, he dressed in black, with a powdered wig. His clothes were cut short; his hands hung out of the sleeves, with tight wristbands, as if ready for execution; and as he generally wore grey worsted stockings, very tight, with a little balustrade leg, his whole appearance presented something formidably succinct, hard, and mechanical. In fact, his weak side, and undoubtedly his natural destination, lay in carpentry; and he accordingly carried, in a side-pocket made on purpose, a carpenter's rule.

The merits of Boyer consisted in his being a good verbal scholar, and conscientiously acting up to the letter of time and attention. I have seen him nod at the close of the long summer school-hours, wearied out; and I should have pitied him, if he had taught us to do anything but fear. Though a clergyman, very orthodox, and of rigid morals, he indulged himself in an oath, which was "God's-my-life!" When you were out in your lesson, he turned upon you a round staring eye like

a fish ; and he had a trick of pinching you under the chin, and by the lobes of the ears, till he would make the blood come. He has many times lifted a boy off the ground in this way. He was, indeed, a proper tyrant, passionate and capricious ; would take violent likes and dislikes to the same boys ; fondle some without any apparent reason, though he had a leaning to the servile, and, perhaps, to the sons of rich people ; and he would persecute others in a manner truly frightful. I have seen him beat a sickly-looking, melancholy boy (C——n) about the head and ears, till the poor fellow, hot, dry-eyed, and confused, seemed lost in bewilderment. C——n, not long after he took orders, died, out of his senses. I do not attribute that catastrophe to the master ; and of course he could not wish to do him any lasting mischief. He had no imagination of any sort. But there is no saying how far his treatment of the boy might have contributed to prevent a cure. Tyrannical schoolmasters nowadays are to be found, perhaps, exclusively in such inferior schools as those described with such masterly and

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THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

indignant edification by my friend Charles Dickens; but they formerly seemed to have abounded in all; and masters, as well as boys, have escaped the chance of many bitter reflections, since a wiser and more generous intercourse has come up between them.

I have some stories of Boyer that will completely show his character, and at the same time relieve the reader's indignation by something ludicrous in their excess. We had a few boarders at the school: boys whose parents were too rich to let them go on the foundation. Among them, in my time, was Carlton, a son of Lord Dorchester; Macdonald, one of the Lord Chief Baron's sons; and R——, the son of a rich merchant. Carlton, who was a fine fellow, manly and full of good sense, took his new master and his caresses very coolly, and did not want them. Little Macdonald also could dispense with them, and would put on his delicate gloves after lesson, with an air as if he resumed his patrician plumage. R—— was meeker, and willing to be encouraged; and there would the master sit, with his arm round his

tall waist, helping him to his Greek verbs, as a nurse does bread and milk to an infant; and repeating them, when he missed, with a fond patience, that astonished us criminals in drugget.

Very different was the treatment of a boy on the foundation, whose friends, by some means or other, had prevailed on the master to pay him an extra attention, and try to get him on. He had come into the school at an age later than usual, and could hardly read. There was a book used by the learners in reading, called *Dialogues between a Missionary and an Indian*. It was a poor performance, full of inconclusive arguments and other commonplaces. The boy in question used to appear with this book in his hand in the middle of the school, the master standing behind him. The lesson was to begin. Poor ——, whose great fault lay in a deep-toned drawl of his syllables and the omission of his stops, stood half looking at the book, and half casting his eye towards the right of him, whence the blows were to proceed. The master looked over him, and his hand was

ready. I am not exact in my quotation at this distance of time; but the *spirit* of one of the passages that I recollect was to the following purport, and thus did the teacher and his pupil proceed :—

Master.—"Now, young man, have a care; or I'll set you a *swinging* task." (A common phrase of his.)

Pupil.—(Making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering his stop at the word Missionary.) "*Missionary* Can you see the wind?"

(Master gives him a slap on the cheek.)

Pupil.—(Raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting his stop.) "*Indian* No!"

Master.—"God's-my-life, young man! have a care how you provoke me!"

Pupil.—(Always forgetting the stop.) "*Missionary* How then do you know that there is such a thing?"

(Here a terrible thump.)

Pupil.—(With a shout of agony.) "*Indian* Because I feel it."

One anecdote of his injustice will suffice for all. It is of ludicrous enormity; nor do

I believe anything more flagrantly wilful was ever done by himself. I heard Mr. C——, the sufferer, now a most respectable person in a Government office, relate it with a due relish, long after quitting the school. The master was in the habit of "spiting" C——; that is to say, of taking every opportunity to be severe with him; nobody knew why. One day he comes into the school, and finds him placed in the middle of it with three other boys. He was not in one of his worst humours, and did not seem inclined to punish them, till he saw his antagonist. "Oh, oh! sir," said he: "what! you are among them, are you?" and gave him an exclusive thump on the face. He then turned to one of the Grecians, and said, "I have not time to flog all these boys; make them draw lots, and I'll punish one." The lots were drawn, and C——'s was favourable. "Oh, oh!" returned the master, when he saw them, "you have escaped, have you, sir?" and pulling out his watch, and turning again to the Grecian, observed, that he found he *had* time to punish the whole three; "and, sir," added he to

C——, with another slap, "I'll begin with *you*." He then took the boy into the library and flogged him; and, on issuing forth again, had the face to say, with an air of indifference, "I have not time, after all, to punish these two other boys; let them take care how they provoke me another time."

Often did I wish that I were a fairy, in order to play him tricks like a Caliban. We used to sit and fancy what we should do with his wig; how we would hamper and vex him; "put knives in his pillow, and halters in his pew." To venture on a joke in our own mortal persons, was like playing with Polyphemus. One afternoon, when he was nodding with sleep over a lesson, a boy of the name of Meaer, who stood behind him, ventured to take a pin, and begin advancing with it up his wig. The hollow, exhibited between the wig and the nape of the neck, invited him. The boys encouraged this daring act of gallantry. Nods and becks, and then whispers of "Go it, M.!" gave more and more valour to his hand. On a sudden, the master's head falls back; he starts with eyes like a

shark; and seizing the unfortunate culprit, who stood helpless in the act of holding the pin, caught hold of him, fiery with passion. A "swinging task" ensued, which kept him at home all the holidays. One of these tasks would consist of an impossible quantity of Virgil, which the learner, unable to retain it at once, wasted his heart and soul out "to get up," till it was too late.

Sometimes, however, our despot got into a dilemma, and then he did not know how to get out of it. A boy, now and then, would be roused into open and fierce remonstrance. I recollect S., afterwards one of the mildest of preachers, starting up in his place, and pouring forth on his astonished hearer a torrent of invectives and threats, which the other could only answer by looking pale, and uttering a few threats in return. Nothing came of it. He did not like such matters to go before the governors. Another time, Favell, a Grecian, a youth of high spirit, whom he had struck, went to the school-door, opened it, and, turning round with the handle in his grasp, told him he would never

set foot again in the place, unless he promised to treat him with more delicacy. "Come back, child; come back!" said the other, pale, and in a faint voice. There was a dead silence. Favell came back, and nothing more was done.

A sentiment, unaccompanied with something practical, would have been lost upon him. D——, who went afterwards to the Military College at Woolwich, played him a trick, apparently between jest and earnest, which amused us exceedingly. He was to be flogged; and the dreadful door of the library was approached. (They did not invest the books with flowers, as Montaigne recommends.) Down falls the criminal, and twisting himself about the master's legs, which he does the more when the other attempts to move, repeats without ceasing, "Oh, good God! consider my father, sir; my father, sir; you know my father!" The point was felt to be getting ludicrous, and was given up. P——, now a popular preacher, was in the habit of entertaining the boys that way. He was a regular wag; and would snatch his

jokes out of the very flame and fury of the master, like snap-dragon. Whenever the other struck him, P. would get up; and, half to avoid the blows, and half render them ridiculous, begin moving about the school-room, making all sorts of antics. When he was struck in the face, he would clap his hand with affected vehemence to the place, and cry as rapidly, "*Oh*, Lord!" If the blow came on the arm, he would grasp his arm, with a similar exclamation. The master would then go, driving and kicking him; while the patient accompanied every blow with the same comments and illustrations, making faces to us by way of index.

What a bit of a golden age was it, when the Rev. Mr. Steevens, one of the under grammar-masters, took his place, on some occasion, for a short time! Steevens was short and fat, with a handsome, cordial face. You loved him as you looked at him; and seemed as if you should love him the more the fatter he became. I stammered when I was at that time of life: which was an infirmity that used to get me into terrible trouble with the master.

Steevens used to say, on the other hand, "Here comes our little black-haired friend, who stammers so. Now, let us see what we can do for him." The consequence was, I did not hesitate half so much as with the other. When I did, it was out of impatience to please him.

Such of us were not liked the better by the master as were in favour with his wife. She was a sprightly, good-looking woman, with black eyes; and was beheld with transport by the boys, whenever she appeared at the school-door. Her husband's name, uttered in a mingled tone of good-nature and imperativeness, brought him down from his seat with smiling haste. Sometimes he did not return. On entering the school one day, he found a boy eating cherries. "Where did you get those cherries?" exclaimed he, thinking the boy had nothing to say for himself. "Mrs. Boyer gave them me, sir." He turned away, scowling with disappointment.

Speaking of fruit, reminds me of a pleasant trait on the part of a Grecian of the name of Le Grice. He was the maddest of all the

great boys in my time; clever, full of address, and not hampered with modesty. Remote rumours, not lightly to be heard, fell on our ears, respecting pranks of his amongst the nurses' daughters. He had a fair handsome face, with delicate aquiline nose, and twinkling eyes. I remember his astonishing me when I was "a new boy," with sending me for a bottle of water, which he proceeded to pour down the back of G., a grave Deputy Grecian. On the master asking him one day why he, of all the boys, had given up no exercise (it was a particular exercise that they were bound to do in the course of a long set of holidays), he said he had had "a lethargy." The extreme impudence of this puzzled the master; and, I believe, nothing came of it. But what I alluded to about the fruit was this. Le Grice was in the habit of eating apples in school-time, for which he had been often rebuked. One day, having particularly pleased the master, the latter, who was eating apples himself, and who would now and then with great ostentation present a boy with some halfpenny token of his mansuetude, called out

to his favourite of the moment, "Le Grice, here is an apple for you." Le Grice, who felt his dignity hurt as a Grecian, but was more pleased at having this opportunity of mortifying his reprover, replied, with an exquisite tranquillity of assurance, "Sir, I never eat apples." For this, among other things, the boys adored him. Poor fellow! He and Favell (who, though very generous, was said to be a little too sensible of an humble origin) wrote to the Duke of York, when they were at College, for commissions in the army. The Duke good-naturedly sent them. Le Grice died in the West Indies. Favell was killed in one of the battles in Spain, but not before he had distinguished himself as an officer and a gentleman.

The Upper Grammar School was divided into four classes or forms. The two under ones were called Little and Great Erasmus; the two upper were occupied by the Grecians and Deputy Grecians. We used to think the title of Erasmus taken from the great scholar of that name; but the sudden appearance of a portrait among us, bearing to be the likeness

of a certain Erasmus Smith, Esq., shook us terribly in this opinion, and was a hard trial of our gratitude. We scarcely relished this perpetual company of our benefactor, watching us, as he seemed to do, with his omnipresent eyes. I believe he was a rich merchant, and that the forms of Little and Great Erasmus were really named after him. It was but a poor consolation to think that he himself, or his great-uncle, might have been named after Erasmus. Little Erasmus learned Ovid; Great Erasmus, Virgil, Terence, and the Greek Testament. The Deputy Grecians were in Homer, Cicero, and Demosthenes; the Grecians, in the Greek plays and the mathematics.

When a boy entered the Upper School, he was understood to be in the road to the University, provided he had inclination and talents for it; but, as only one Grecian a year went to College, the drafts out of Great and Little Erasmus into the writing-school were numerous. A few also became Deputy Grecians without going farther, and entered the world from that form. Those who became Grecians always went to the University,

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THE GIFFS.

though not always into the Church; which was reckoned a departure from the contract. When I first came to school, at seven years old, the names of the Grecians were Allen, Favell, Thomson, and Le Grice, brother of the Le Grice above mentioned, and now a clergyman in Cornwall. Charles Lamb had lately been Deputy Grecian; and Coleridge had left for the University.

The master, inspired by his subject with an eloquence beyond himself, once called him, "that sensible fool, Colléridge," pronouncing the word like a dactyl. Coleridge must have alternately delighted and bewildered him. The compliment, as to the bewildering, was returned, if not the delight. The pupil, I am told, said he dreamt of the master all his life, and that his dreams were horrible. A *bon-mot* of his is recorded, very characteristic both of pupil and master. Coleridge, when he heard of his death, said, "It was lucky that the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way." This was his esoterical opinion of him. His

outward and subtler opinion, or opinion exoterical, he favoured the public with in his *Literary Life*. He praised him, among other things, for his good taste in poetry, and his not suffering the boys to get into the commonplaces of Castalian Streams, Invocations to the Muses, &c. Certainly, there were no such things in our days—at least, to the best of my remembrance. But I do not think the master saw through them, out of a perception of anything further. His objection to a commonplace must have been itself commonplace.

I do not remember seeing Coleridge when I was a child. Lamb's visits to the school, after he left it, I remember well, with his fine intelligent face. Little did I think I should have the pleasure of sitting with it in aftertimes as an old friend, and seeing it careworn and still finer. Allen, the Grecian, was so handsome, though in another and more obvious way, that running one day against a barrow-woman in the street, and turning round to appease her in the midst of her abuse, she said, "Where are you driving to,

you great hulking, good-for-nothing — beautiful fellow, God bless you!" Le Grice the elder was a wag, like his brother, but more staid. He went into the Church, as he ought to do, and married a rich widow. He published a translation, abridged, of the celebrated pastoral of Longus; and report at school made him the author of a little anonymous tract on the *Art of Poking the Fire.*

Few of us cared for any of the books that were taught: and no pains were taken to make us do so. The boys had no helps to information, bad or good, except what the master afforded them respecting manufactures —a branch of knowledge to which, as I before observed, he had a great tendency, and which was the only point on which he was enthusiastic and gratuitous. I do not blame him for what he taught us of this kind: there was a use in it, beyond what he was aware of; but it was the only one on which he volunteered any assistance. In this he took evident delight. I remember, in explaining pigs of iron or lead to us, he made a point of crossing

one of his legs with the other, and, cherishing it up and down with great satisfaction, saying, "A pig, children, is about the thickness of my leg." Upon which, with a slavish pretence of novelty, we all looked at it, as if he had not told us so a hundred times. In everything else we had to hunt out our own knowledge. He would not help us with a word till he had ascertained that we had done all we could to learn the meaning of it ourselves. This discipline was useful; and in this and every other respect, we had all the advantages which a mechanical sense of right, and a rigid exaction of duty, could afford us; but no further. The only superfluous grace that he was guilty of, was the keeping a manuscript book, in which, by a rare luck, the best exercise in English verse was occasionally copied out for immortality! To have verses in "the Book" was the rarest and highest honour conceivable to our imaginations. I never, alas! attained it.

How little did I care for any verses at that time, except English ones; I had no regard

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WHITTINGTON'S LIBRARY.

even for Ovid. I read and knew nothing of Horace; though I had got somehow a liking for his character. Cicero I disliked, as I cannot help doing still. Demosthenes I was inclined to admire, but did not know why, and would very willingly have given up him and his difficulties together. Homer I regarded with horror, as a series of lessons which I had to learn by heart before I understood him. When I had to conquer, in this way, lines which I had not construed, I had recourse to a sort of artificial memory, by which I associated the Greek words with sounds that had a meaning in English. Thus, a passage about Thetis I made to bear on some circumstance that had taken place in the school. An account of a battle was converted into a series of jokes; and the master, while I was saying my lesson to him in trepidation, little suspected what a figure he was often cutting in the text. The only classic I remember having any love for was Virgil; and that was for the episode of Nisus and Euryalus.

But there were three books which I read in

whenever I could, and which often got me into trouble. These were Tooke's *Pantheon*, Lempriere's *Classical Dictionary*, and Spence's *Polymetis*, the great folio edition with plates. Tooke was a prodigious favourite with us. I see before me, as vividly now as ever, his Mars and Apollo, his Venus and Aurora, which I was continually trying to copy; the Mars, coming on furiously in his car; Apollo, with his radiant head, in the midst of shades and fountains; Aurora with hers, a golden dawn; and Venus, very handsome, we thought, and not looking too modest in "a slight cymar." It is curious how completely the graces of the Pagan theology overcame with us the wise cautions and reproofs that were set against it in the pages of Mr. Tooke. Some years after my departure from school, happening to look at the work in question, I was surprised to find so much of that matter in him. When I came to reflect, I had a sort of recollection that we used occasionally to notice it, as something inconsistent with the rest of the text—strange, and odd, and like the interference of some pedantic old gentleman.

This, indeed, is pretty nearly the case. The author has also made a strange mistake about Bacchus, whom he represents, both in his text and his print, as a mere belly-god ; a corpulent child, like the Bacchus bestriding a tun. This is anything but classical. The truth is, it was a sort of pious fraud, like many other things palmed upon antiquity. Tooke's *Pantheon* was written originally in Latin by the Jesuits.

Our Lempriere was a fund of entertainment. Spence's *Polymetis* was not so easily got at. There was also something in the text that did not invite us ; but we admired the fine large prints. However, Tooke was the favourite. I cannot divest myself of a notion, to this day, that there is something really clever in the picture of Apollo. The Minerva we "could not abide ;" Juno was no favourite, for all her throne and her peacock ; and we thought Diana too pretty. The instinct against these three goddesses begins early. I used to wonder how Juno and Minerva could have the insolence to dispute the apple with Venus.

In those times, Cooke's edition of the British poets came up. I had got an odd volume of Spenser; and I fell passionately in love with Collins and Gray. How I loved those little sixpenny numbers containing whole poets! I doted on their size; I doted on their type, on their ornaments, on their wrappers containing lists of other poets, and on the engravings from Kirk. I bought them over and over again, and used to get up select sets, which disappeared like buttered crumpets; for I could resist neither giving them away, nor possessing them. When the master tormented me—when I used to hate and loathe the sight of Homer, and Demosthenes, and Cicero—I would comfort myself with thinking of the sixpence in my pocket, with which I should go out to Paternoster Row, when school was over, and buy another number of an English poet.

I was already fond of writing verses. The first I remember were in honour of the Duke of York's "Victory at Dunkirk;" which victory, to my great mortification, turned out to be a defeat. I compared him with Achilles

and Alexander ; or should rather say, trampled upon those heroes in the comparison. I fancied him riding through the field, and shooting right and left of him ! Afterwards, when in Great Erasmus, I wrote a poem called *Winter*, in consequence of reading Thomson ; and when Deputy Grecian, I completed some hundred stanzas of another, called the *Fairy King*, which was to be in emulation of Spenser ! I also wrote a long poem in irregular Latin verses (such as they were) entitled *Thor ;* the consequence of reading Gray's Odes and Mallett's *Northern Antiquities*. English verses were the only exercise I performed with satisfaction. Themes, or prose essays, I wrote so badly, that the master was in the habit of contemptuously crumpling them up in his hand, and calling out, "Here, children, there is something to amuse you !" Upon which the servile part of the boys would jump up, seize the paper, and be amused accordingly.

The essays must have been very absurd, no doubt, but those who would have tasted the ridicule best were the last to move. There

was an absurdity in giving us such essays to write. They were upon a given subject, generally a moral one, such as Ambition or the Love of Money: and the regular process in the manufacture was this:—You wrote out the subject very fairly at top, *Quid non mortalia*, &c., or, *Crescit amor nummi*. Then the ingenious thing was to repeat this apophthegm in as many words and roundabout phrases as possible, which took up a good bit of the paper. Then you attempted to give a reason or two, why *amor nummi* was bad; or on what accounts heroes ought to eschew ambition; after which naturally came a few examples, got out of Plutarch or the *Selectæ è Profanis;* and the happy moralist concluded with signing his name. Somebody speaks of schoolboys going about to one another on these occasions, and asking for "a little sense." That was not the phrase with us; it was "a thought." "P——, can you give me a thought?" "C——, for God's sake, help me to a thought, for it only wants ten minutes to eleven." It was a joke with P——, who knew my hatred of themes, and how I

used to hurry over them, to come to me at a quarter to eleven, and say, "Hunt, have you *begun* your theme?"—"Yes, P——." He then, when the quarter of an hour had expired, and the bell tolled, came again, and, with a sort of rhyming formula to the other question, said, "Hunt, have you *done* your theme?"—"Yes, P——."

How I dared to trespass in this way upon the patience of the master, I cannot conceive. I suspect that the themes appeared to him more absurd than careless. Perhaps another thing perplexed him. The master was rigidly orthodox; the school establishment also was orthodox and high Tory; and there was just then a little perplexity, arising from the free doctrines inculcated by the books we learned, and the new and alarming echo of them struck on the ears of power by the French Revolution. My father was in the habit of expressing his opinions. He did not conceal the new tendency which he felt to modify those which he entertained respecting both Church and State. His unconscious son at school, nothing doubting or suspecting, repeated his

eulogies of Timoleon and the Gracchi, with all a schoolboy's enthusiasm ; and the master's mind was not of a pitch to be superior to this unwitting annoyance. It was on these occasions, I suspect, that he crumpled up my themes with a double contempt, and with an equal degree of perplexity.

There was a better school exercise, consisting of an abridgment of some paper in the *Spectator*. We made, however, little of it, and thought it very difficult and perplexing. In fact, it was a hard task for boys, utterly unacquainted with the world, to seize the best points out of the writings of masters in experience. It only gave the *Spectator* an unnatural gravity in our eyes. A common paper for selection, because reckoned one of the easiest, was the one beginning, "I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth." I had heard this paper so often, and was so tired with it, that it gave me a great inclination to prefer mirth to cheerfulness.

My books were a never-ceasing consolation to me, and such they have ever continued. My favourites, out of school hours, were

Spenser, Collins, Gray, and the *Arabian Nights*. Pope I admired more than loved; Milton was above me; and the only play of Shakspeare's with which I was conversant was *Hamlet*, of which I had a delighted awe. Neither then, however, nor at any time, have I been as fond of dramatic reading as of any other, though I have written many dramas myself, and have even a special propensity for so doing; a contradiction for which I have never been able to account. Chaucer, who has since been one of my best friends, I was not acquainted with at school, nor till long afterwards. *Hudibras* I remember reading through at one desperate plunge, while I lay incapable of moving, with two scalded legs. I did it as a sort of achievement, driving on through the verses without understanding a twentieth part of them, but now and then laughing immoderately at the rhymes and similes, and catching a bit of knowledge unawares. I had a school-fellow of the name of Brooke, afterwards an officer in the East India Service—a grave, quiet boy, with a fund of manliness and good-humour. He

would pick out the ludicrous couplets, like plums; such as those on the astrologer,—

> "Who deals in destiny's dark counsels,
> And sage opinions of the moon sells;"

And on the apothecary's shop—

> "With stores of deleterious med'cines,
> Which whosoever took is dead since."

He had the little thick duodecimo edition, with Hogarth's plates—dirty, and well read, looking like Hudibras himself.

I read through, at the same time, and with little less sense of it as a task, Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The divinity of it was so much "Heathen Greek" to us. Unluckily, I could not taste the beautiful "Heathen Greek" of the style. Milton's heaven made no impression; nor could I enter even into the earthly catastrophe of his man and woman. The only two things I thought of were their happiness in Paradise, where (to me) they eternally remained; and the strange malignity of the devil, who, instead of getting them out of it, as the poet represents, only served to bind them closer. He seemed an odd

shade to the picture. The figure he cut in the engravings was more in my thoughts than anything said of him in the poem. He was a sort of human wild beast, lurking about the garden in which they lived; though, in consequence of the dress given him in some of the plates, this man with a tail occasionally confused himself in my imagination with a Roman general. I could make little of it. I believe, the plates impressed me altogether much more than the poem. Perhaps they were the reason why I thought of Adam and Eve as I did; the pictures of them in their paradisaical state being more numerous than those in which they appear exiled. Besides, in their exile they were together; and this constituting the best thing in their paradise, I suppose I could not so easily get miserable with them when out of it.

The scald that I speak of, as confining me to bed, was a bad one. I will give an account of it, because it furthers the elucidation of our school manners.. I had then become a monitor, or one of the chiefs of a ward; and I was sitting before the fire one evening, after

the boys had gone to bed, wrapped up in the perusal of the "Wonderful Magazine," and having in my ear at the same time the bubbling of a great pot, or rather cauldron, of water, containing what was by courtesy called a bread pudding; being neither more nor less than a loaf or two of our bread, which, with a little sugar mashed up with it, was to serve for my supper. And there were eyes, not yet asleep, which would look at it out of their beds, and regard it as a lordly dish. From this dream of bliss I was roused up on the sudden by a great cry, and a horrible agony in my legs. A "boy," as a fag was called, wishing to get something from the other side of the fireplace, and not choosing either to go round behind the table, or to disturb the illustrious legs of the monitor, had endeavoured to get under them or between them, and so pulled the great handle of the pot after him. It was a frightful sensation. The whole of my being seemed collected in one fiery torment into my legs. Wood, the Grecian (afterwards Fellow of Pembroke, at Cambridge), who was in our ward, and who was always very

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kind to me (led, I believe, by my inclination for verses, in which he had a great name), came out of his study, and after helping me off with my stockings, which was a horrid operation, the stockings being very coarse, took me in his arms to the sick ward. I shall never forget the enchanting relief occasioned by the cold air, as it blew across the square of the sick ward. I lay there for several weeks, not allowed to move for some time; and caustics became necessary before I got well. The getting well was delicious. I had no tasks—no master; plenty of books to read; and the nurse's daughter (*absit calumnia*) brought me tea and buttered toast, and encouraged me to play the flute. My playing consisted of a few tunes by rote; my fellow-invalids (none of them in very desperate case) would have it rather than no playing at all; so we used to play and tell stories, and go to sleep, thinking of the blessed sick holiday we should have tomorrow, and of the bowl of milk and bread for breakfast, which was alone worth being sick for. The sight of Mr. Long's probe was

not so pleasant. We preferred seeing it in the hands of Mr. Vincent, whose manners, quiet and mild, had double effect on a set of boys more or less jealous of the mixed humbleness and importance of their school. This was most likely the same gentleman of the name of Vincent, who afterwards became distinguished in his profession. He was dark, like a West Indian, and I used to think him handsome. Perhaps the nurse's daughter taught me to think so, for she was a considerable observer.

I am grateful to Christ Hospital for its having bred me up in old cloisters, for its making me acquainted with the languages of Homer and Ovid, and for its having secured to me, on the whole, a well-trained and cheerful boyhood. It pressed no superstition upon me. It did not hinder my growing mind from making what excursions it pleased into the wide and healthy regions of general literature. I might buy as much Collins and Gray as I pleased, and get novels to my heart's content from the circulating libraries. There was nothing prohibited but what would have been

prohibited by all good fathers; and everything was encouraged which would have been encouraged by the Steeles, and Addisons, and Popes; by the Warburtons, and Atterburys, and Hoadleys. Boyer was a severe, nay, a cruel master; but age and reflection have made me sensible that I ought always to add my testimony to his being a laborious and a conscientious one. When his severity went beyond the mark, I believe he was always sorry for it: sometimes I am sure he was. He once (though the anecdote at first sight may look like a burlesque on the remark) knocked out one of my teeth with the back of a Homer, in a fit of impatience at my stammering. The tooth was a loose one, and I told him as much; but the blood rushed out as I spoke: he turned pale, and, on my proposing to go out and wash the mouth, he said, "Go, child," in a tone of voice amounting to the paternal. Now "Go, child," from Boyer, was worth a dozen tender speeches from any one else; and it was felt that I had got an advantage over him, acknowledged by himself.

If I had reaped no other benefit from Christ Hospital, the school would be ever dear to me from the recollection of the friendships I formed in it, and of the first heavenly taste it gave me of that most spiritual of the affections. I use the word "heavenly" advisedly; and I call friendship the most spiritual of the affections, because even one's kindred, in partaking of our flesh and blood, become, in a manner, mixed up with our entire being. Not that I would disparage any other form of affection, worshipping, as I do, all forms of it, love in particular, which, in its highest state, is friendship and something more. But if ever I tasted a disembodied transport on earth, it was in those friendships which I entertained at school, before I dreamt of any maturer feeling. I shall never forget the impression it first made on me. I loved my friend for his gentleness, his candour, his truth, his good repute, his freedom even from my own livelier manner, his calm and reasonable kindness. It was not any particular talent that attracted me to him, or anything striking whatsoever. I should say, in one word, it was his goodness.

PASSAGE TO THE HALL.

I doubt whether he ever had a conception of a tithe of the regard and respect I entertained for him; and I smile to think of the perplexity (though he never showed it) which he probably felt sometimes at my enthusiastic expressions; for I thought him a kind of angel. It is no exaggeration to say, that, take away the unspiritual part of it—the genius and the knowledge—and there is no height of conceit indulged in by the most romantic character in Shakspeare, which surpassed what I felt towards the merits I ascribed to him, and the delight which I took in his society. With the other boys I played antics, and rioted in fantastic jests; but in his society, or whenever I thought of him, I fell into a kind of Sabbath state of bliss; and I am sure I could have died for him.

I experienced this delightful affection towards three successive school-fellows, till two of them had for some time gone out into the world and forgotten me; but it grew less with each, and in more than one instance became rivalled by a new set of emotions, especially in regard to the last, for I fell in

love with his sister—at least, I thought so. But on the occurrence of her death, not long after, I was startled at finding myself assume an air of greater sorrow than I felt, and at being willing to be relieved by the sight of the first pretty face that turned towards me. I was in the situation of the page in *Figaro* :—

> " Ogni donna cangiar di colore ;
> Ogni donna mi fa palpitar."

My friend, who died himself not long after his quitting the University, was of a German family in the service of the court, very refined and musical. I likened them to the people in the novels of Augustus La Fontaine ; and with the younger of the two sisters I had a great desire to play the part of the hero in the *Family of Halden*.

The elder, who was my senior, and of manners too advanced for me to aspire to, became distinguished in private circles as an accomplished musician. How I used to rejoice when they struck their "harps in praise of Bragelia !" and how ill-bred I must have appeared when I stopped beyond all

reasonable time of visiting, unable to tear myself away! They lived in Spring Gardens, in a house which I have often gone out of my way to look at; and as I first heard of Mozart in their company, and first heard his marches in the Park, I used to associate with their idea whatsoever was charming and graceful.

Maternal notions of war came to nothing before love and music, and the steps of the officers on parade. The young ensign with his flag, and the ladies with their admiration of him, carried everything before them.

I had already borne to school the air of "*Non più andrai;*" and, with the help of instruments made of paper, into which we breathed what imitations we could of hautboys and clarionets, had inducted the boys into the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of that glorious bit of war.

Thus is war clothed and recommended to all of us, and not without reason, as long as it is a necessity, or as long as it is something, at least, which we have not acquired knowledge or means enough to do away with. A

bullet is of all pills the one that most requires gilding.

But I will not bring these night-thoughts into the morning of life. Besides, I am anticipating; for this was not my first love. I shall mention that presently.

I have not done with my school reminiscences; but in order to keep a straightforward course, and notice simultaneous events in their proper places, I shall here speak of the persons and things in which I took the greatest interest when I was not within school-bounds.

The two principal houses at which I visited, till the arrival of our relations from the West Indies, were Mr. West's (late President of the Royal Academy), in Newman Street, and Mr. Godfrey Thornton's (of the distinguished City family), in Austin Friars. How I loved the Graces in one, and everything in the other! Mr. West (who, as I have already mentioned, had married one of my relations) had bought his house, I believe, not long after he came to England; and he had added a gallery at the back of it, terminating in a couple of lofty

rooms. The gallery was a continuation of the house-passage, and, together with one of those rooms and the parlour, formed three sides of a garden, very small but elegant, with a grass-plot in the middle, and busts upon stands under an arcade. The gallery, as you went up it, formed an angle at a little distance to the left, then another to the right, and then took a longer stretch into the two rooms; and it was hung with the artist's sketches all the way. In a corner between the two angles was a study-door, with casts of Venus and Apollo on each side of it. The two rooms contained the largest of his pictures; and in the farther one, after stepping softly down the gallery, as if reverencing the dumb life on the walls, you generally found the mild and quiet artist at his work; happy, for he thought himself immortal.

I need not enter into the merits of an artist who is so well known, and has been so often criticised. He was a man with regular, mild features; and, though of Quaker origin, had the look of what he was, a painter to a court. His appearance was so gentlemanly, that, the

moment he changed his gown for a coat, he seemed to be full-dressed. The simplicity and self-possession of the young Quaker, not having time enough to grow stiff (for he went early to study at Rome), took up, I suppose, with more ease than most would have done, the urbanities of his new position. And what simplicity helped him to, favour would retain. Yet this man, so well bred, and so indisputably clever in his art (whatever might be the amount of his genius), had received so careless, or so homely an education when a boy, that he could hardly read. He pronounced also some of his words, in reading, with a puritanical barbarism, such as *haive* for *have*, as some people pronounce when they sing psalms. But this was, perhaps, an American custom. My mother, who both read and spoke remarkably well, would say *haive* and *shaul* (for *shall*), when she sang her hymns. But it was not so well in reading lectures to the Academy. Mr. West would talk of his art all day long, painting all the while. On other subjects he was not so fluent; and on political and religious matters he tried hard

to maintain the reserve common with those about a court. He succeeded ill in both. There were always strong suspicions of his leaning to his native side in politics; and during Bonaparte's triumph, he could not contain his enthusiasm for the Republican chief, going even to Paris to pay him his homage, when First Consul. The admiration of high colours and powerful effects, natural to a painter, was too strong for him. How he managed this matter with the higher powers in England I cannot say. Probably he was the less heedful, inasmuch as he was not very carefully paid. I believe he did a great deal for George the Third with little profit. Mr. West certainly kept his love for Bonaparte no secret; and it was no wonder, for the latter expressed admiration of his pictures. The artist thought the conqueror's smile enchanting, and that he had the handsomest leg he had ever seen. He was present when the "Venus de' Medici" was talked of, the French having just taken possession of her. Bonaparte, Mr. West said, turned round to those about him, and said, with his eyes lit up, "She's coming!"

as if he had been talking of a living person. I believe he retained for the Emperor the love that he had had for the First Consul, a wedded love, "for better, for worse." However, I believe also that he retained it after the Emperor's downfall—which is not what every painter did.

But I am getting out of my chronology. The quiet of Mr. West's gallery, the tranquil, intent beauty of the statues, and the subjects of some of the pictures, particularly Death on the Pale Horse, the Deluge, the Scotch King hunting the Stag, Moses on Mount Sinai, Christ Healing the Sick (a sketch), Sir Philip Sidney giving up the Water to the Dying Soldier, the Installation of the Knights of the Garter, and Ophelia before the King and Queen (one of the best things he ever did), made a great impression upon me. My mother and I used to go down the gallery, as if we were treading on wool. She was in the habit of stopping to look at some of the pictures, particularly the Deluge and the Ophelia, with a countenance quite awe-stricken. She used also to point out to me the subjects relating

to liberty and patriotism, and the domestic affections. Agrippina bringing home the ashes of Germanicus was a great favourite with her. I remember, too, the awful delight afforded us by the Angel slaying the Army of Sennacherib; a bright figure lording it in the air, with a chaos of human beings below.

As Mr. West was almost sure to be found at work, in the farthest room, habited in his white woollen gown, so you might have predicated, with equal certainty, that Mrs. West was sitting in the parlour, reading. I used to think, that if I had such a parlour to sit in, I should do just as she did. It was a good-sized room, with two windows looking out on the little garden I spoke of, and opening to it from one of them by a flight of steps. The garden, with its busts in it, and the pictures which you knew were on the other side of its wall, had an Italian look. The room was hung with engravings and coloured prints. Among them was the Lion Hunt, from Rubens; the Hierarchy with the Godhead, from Raphael, which I hardly thought it right to look at; and two screens by the

fireside, containing prints (from Angelica Kauffman, I think, but I am not sure that Mr. West himself was not the designer) of the Loves of Angelica and Medoro, which I could have looked at from morning to night. Angelica's intent eyes, I thought, had the best of it; but I thought so without knowing why. This gave me a love for Ariosto before I knew him. I got Hoole's translation, but could make nothing of it. Angelica Kauffman seemed to me to have done much more for her namesake. She could see farther into a pair of eyes than Mr. Hoole with his spectacles. This reminds me that I could make as little of Pope's *Homer*, which a school-fellow of mine was always reading, and which I was ashamed of not being able to like. It was not that I did not admire Pope; but the words in his translation always took precedence in my mind of the things, and the unvarying sweetness of his versification tired me before I knew the reason. This did not hinder me afterwards from trying to imitate it; nor from succeeding; that is to say, as far as everybody else succeeds, and writing smooth verses. It is Pope's wit

and closeness that are the difficult things, and that make him what he is: a truism which the mistakes of critics on divers sides have rendered it but too warrantable to repeat.

Mrs. West and my mother used to talk of old times, and Philadelphia, and my father's prospects at court. I sat apart with a book, from which I stole glances at Angelica. I had a habit at that time of holding my breath, which forced me every now and then to take long sighs. My aunt would offer me a bribe not to sigh. I would earn it once or twice; but the sighs were sure to return. These wagers I did not care for; but I remember being greatly mortified when Mr. West offered me half-a-crown if I would solve the old question of "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" and I could not tell him. He never made his appearance till dinner, and returned to his painting-room directly after it. And so at tea-time. The talk was very quiet; the neighbourhood quiet; the servants quiet; I thought the very squirrel in the cage would have made a greater noise anywhere else. James, the porter, a fine tall fellow, who

figured in his master's pictures as an apostle, was as quiet as he was strong. Standing for his picture had become a sort of religion with him. Even the butler, with his little twinkling eyes, full of pleasant conceit, vented his notions of himself in half-tones and whispers. This was a strange fantastic person. He got my brother Robert to take a likeness of him, small enough to be contained in a shirt-pin. It was thought that his twinkling eyes, albeit not young, had some fair cynosure in the neighbourhood. What was my brother's amazement, when, the next time he saw him, the butler said, with a face of enchanted satisfaction, "Well, sir, you see!" making a movement at the same time with the frill at his waistcoat. The miniature that was to be given to the object of his affections, had been given accordingly. It was in his own bosom!

But, notwithstanding my delight with the house at the West End of the town, it was not to compare with my beloved one in the City. There was quiet in the one; there were beautiful statutes and pictures; and there was my Angelica for me, with her intent eyes, at the

fireside. But, besides quiet in the other, there was cordiality, and there was music, and a family brimful of hospitality and good-nature, and dear Almeria (now Mrs. P——e), who in vain pretends that she has become aged, which is what she never did, shall, would, might, should, or could do. Those were indeed holidays, on which I used to go to Austin Friars. The house (such, at least, are my boyish recollections) was of the description I have been ever fondest of,—large, rambling, old-fashioned, solidly built, resembling the mansions about Highgate and other old villages.

It was furnished as became the house of a rich merchant and a sensible man, the comfort predominating over the costliness. At the back was a garden with a lawn; and a private door opened into another garden, belonging to the Company of Drapers; so that, what with the secluded nature of the street itself, and these verdant places behind it, it was truly *rus in urbe*, and a retreat. When I turned down the archway, I held my mother's hand tighter with pleasure, and was full of

expectation, and joy, and respect. My first delight was in mounting the staircase to the rooms of the young ladies, setting my eyes on the comely and bright countenance of my fair friend, with her romantic name, and turning over for the hundredth time the books in her library. What she did with the volumes of the *Turkish Spy*, what they meant, or what amusement she could extract from them, was an eternal mystification to me. Not long ago, meeting with a copy of the book accidentally, I pounced upon my old acquaintance, and found him to contain better and more amusing stuff than people would suspect from his dry look and his obsolete politics.[1]

The face of tenderness and respect with which Almeria used to welcome my mother, springing forward with her fine buxom figure to supply the strength which the other wanted, and showing what an equality of love there

[1] The *Turkish Spy* is a sort of philosophical newspaper, in volumes; and, under a mask of bigotry, speculates very freely on all subjects. It is said to have been written by an Italian Jesuit of the name of Marana. The first volume has been attributed, however, to Sir Roger Manley, father of the author of the *Atalantis;* and the rest to Dr. Midgeley, a friend of his.

may be between youth and middle age, and rich and poor, I should never cease to love her for, had she not been, as she was, one of the best-natured persons in the world in everything. I have not seen her now for a great many years; but, with that same face, whatever change she may pretend to find in it, she will go to heaven; for it is the face of her spirit. A good heart never grows old.

Of George T——, her brother, who will pardon this omission of his worldly titles, whatever they may be, I have a similar kind of recollection, in its proportion; for, though we knew him thoroughly, we saw him less. The sight of his face was an additional sunshine to my holiday. He was very generous and handsome-minded; a genuine human being.

Mrs. T——, the mother, a very lady-like woman, in a delicate state of health, we usually found reclining on a sofa, always ailing, but always with a smile for us. The father, a man of a large habit of body, panting with asthma, whom we seldom saw but at dinner, treated us with all the family delicacy,

and would have me come and sit next him, which I did with a mixture of joy and dread; for it was painful to hear him breathe. I dwell the more upon these attentions, because the school that I was in held a sort of equivocal rank in point of what is called respectability; and it was no less an honour to another, than to ourselves, to know when to place us upon a liberal footing. Young as I was, I felt this point strongly; and was touched with as grateful a tenderness towards those who treated me handsomely, as I retreated inwardly upon a proud consciousness of my Greek and Latin, when the supercilious would have humbled me. Blessed house! May a blessing be upon your rooms, and your lawn, and your neighbouring garden, and the quiet old monastic name of your street! and may it never be a thoroughfare! and may all your inmates be happy! Would to God one could renew, at a moment's notice, the happy hours we have enjoyed in past times, with the same circles, and in the same houses! A planet with such a privilege would be a great lift nearer heaven. What

prodigious evenings, reader, we would have of it! What fine pieces of childhood, of youth, of manhood—ay, and of age, as long as our friends lasted!

The old gentleman in *Gil Blas*, who complained that the peaches were not so fine as they used to be when he was young, had more reason than appears on the face of it. He missed not only his former palate, but the places he ate them in, and those who ate them with him. I have been told, that the cranberries I have met with since must have been as fine as those I got with the T.'s; as large and as juicy; and that they came from the same place. For all that, I never ate a cranberry-tart since I dined in Austin Friars.

I should have fallen in love with A. T——, had I been old enough. As it was, my first flame, or my first notion of a flame, which is the same thing in those days, was for my giddy cousin Fanny Dayrell, a charming West Indian. Her mother, the aunt I spoke of, had just come from Barbados with her two daughters and a sister. She was a woman of a princely spirit; and having a good property,

and every wish to make her relations more comfortable, she did so. It became holiday with us all. My mother raised her head; my father grew young again; my cousin Kate (Christiana rather, for her name was not Catherine; Christiana Arabella was her name) conceived a regard for one of my brothers, and married him; and for my part, besides my pictures and Italian garden at Mr. West's, and my beloved old English house in Austin Friars, I had now another paradise in Great Ormond Street.

My aunt had something of the West Indian pride, but all in a good spirit, and was a mighty cultivator of the gentilities, inward as well as outward. I did not dare to appear before her with dirty hands: she would have rebuked me so handsomely. For some reason or other, the marriage of my brother and his cousin was kept secret a little while. I became acquainted with it by chance, coming in upon a holiday, the day the ceremony took place. Instead of keeping me out of the secret by a trick, they very wisely resolved upon trusting me with it, and relying upon

my honour. My honour happened to be put to the test, and I came off with flying colours. It is to this circumstance I trace the religious idea I have ever since entertained of keeping a secret. I went with the bride and bridegroom to church, and remember kneeling apart and weeping bitterly. My tears were unaccountable to me then. Doubtless they were owing to an instinctive sense of the great change that was taking place in the lives of two human beings, and of the unalterableness of the engagement. Death and Life seem to come together on these occasions, like awful guests at a feast, and look one another in the face.

It was not with such good effect that my aunt raised my notions of a schoolboy's pocket-money to half-crowns, and crowns, and half-guineas. My father and mother were both as generous as daylight; but they could not give what they had not. I had been unused to spending, and accordingly I spent with a vengeance. I remember a ludicrous instance. The first half-guinea that I received brought about me a consultation of

companions to know how to get rid of it. One shilling was devoted to pears, another to apples, another to cakes, and so on, all to be bought immediately, as they were; till coming to the sixpence, and being struck with a recollection that I ought to do something useful with that, I bought sixpenn'orth of shoe-strings: these, no doubt, vanished like the rest. The next half-guinea came to the knowledge of the master: he interfered, which was one of his proper actions; and my aunt practised more self-denial in future.

Our new family from abroad were true West Indians, or, as they would have phrased it, "true Barbadians born." They were generous, warm-tempered, had great good-nature; were proud, but not unpleasantly so; lively, yet indolent; temperately epicurean in their diet; fond of company, and dancing, and music; and lovers of show, but far from withholding the substance. I speak chiefly of the mother and daughters. My other aunt, an elderly maiden, who piqued herself on the delicacy of her hands and ankles, and made you understand how many suitors she had

refused (for which she expressed anything but repentance, being extremely vexed), was not deficient in complexional good-nature; but she was narrow-minded, and seemed to care for nothing in the world but two things: first, for her elder niece Kate, whom she had helped to nurse; and second, for a becoming set-out of coffee and buttered toast, particularly of a morning, when it was taken up to her in bed, with a suitable equipage of silver and other necessaries of life. Yes; there was one more indispensable thing—slavery. It was frightful to hear her small mouth and little mincing tones assert the necessity not only of slaves, but of robust corporal punishment to keep them to their duty. But she did this, because her want of ideas could do no otherwise. Having had slaves, she wondered how anybody could object to so natural and ladylike an establishment. Late in life, she took to fancying that every polite old gentleman was in love with her; and thus she lived on, till her dying moment, in a flutter of expectation.

The black servant must have puzzled this aunt of mine sometimes. All the wonder of

which she was capable, he certainly must have roused, not without a "quaver of consternation." This man had come over with them from the West Indies. He was a slave on my aunt's estate, and as such he demeaned himself, till he learned that there was no such thing as a slave in England ; that the moment a man set his foot on English ground he was free. I cannot help smiling to think of the bewildered astonishment into which his first overt act, in consequence of this knowledge, must have put my poor aunt Courthope (for that was her Christian name). Most likely it broke out in the shape of some remonstrance about his fellow-servants. He partook of the pride common to all the Barbadians, black as well as white ; and the maid-servants tormented him. I remember his coming up in the parlour one day, and making a ludicrous representation of the affronts put upon his office and person, interspersing his chattering and gesticulations with explanatory dumb show. One of them was a pretty girl, who had manœuvred till she got him stuck in a corner ; and he insisted upon telling us all that she

said and did. His respect for himself had naturally increased since he became free; but he did not know what to do with it. Poor Samuel was not ungenerous, after his fashion. He also wished, with his freedom, to acquire a freeman's knowledge, but stuck fast at pot-hooks and hangers. To frame a written B he pronounced a thing impossible. Of his powers on the violin he made us more sensible, not without frequent remonstrances, which it must have taken all my aunt's good-nature to make her repeat. He had left two wives in Barbados, one of whom was brought to bed of a son a little after he came away. For this son he wanted a name, that was new, sounding, and long. They referred him to the reader of Homer and Virgil. With classical names he was well acquainted, Mars and Venus being among his most intimate friends, besides Jupiters and Adonises, and Dianas with large families. At length we succeeded with Neoptolemus. He said he had never heard it before; and he made me write it for him in a great text-hand, that there might be no mistake.

My aunt took a country-house at Merton, in Surrey, where I passed three of the happiest weeks of my life. It was the custom at our school, in those days, to allow us only one set of unbroken holidays during the whole time we were there—I mean, holidays in which we remained away from school by night as well as by day. The period was always in August. Imagine a schoolboy passionately fond of the green fields, who had never slept out of the heart of the City for years. It was a compensation even for the pang of leaving my friend; and then what letters I would write to him! And what letters I did write! What full measure of affection pressed down, and running over! I read, walked, had a garden and orchard to run in; and fields that I could have rolled in, to have my will of them.

My father accompanied me to Wimbledon to see Horne Tooke, who patted me on the head. I felt very differently under his hand, and under that of the Bishop of London, when he confirmed a crowd of us in St. Paul's. Not that I thought of politics, though I had

a sense of his being a patriot; but patriotism, as well as everything else, was connected in my mind with something classical, and Horne Tooke held his political reputation with me by the same tenure that he held his fame for learning and grammatical knowledge. "The learned Horne Tooke" was the designation by which I styled him in some verses I wrote; in which verses, by the way, with a poetical licence which would have been thought more classical by Queen Elizabeth than my master, I called my aunt a "nymph." In the ceremony of confirmation by the bishop, there was something too official and like a despatch of business, to excite my veneration. My head only anticipated the coming of his hand with a thrill in the scalp: and when it came, it tickled me.

My cousins had the celebrated Dr. Callcott for a music-master. The doctor, who was a scholar and a great reader, was so pleased with me one day for being able to translate the beginning of Xenophon's *Anabasis* (one of our schoolbooks), that he took me out with him to Nunn's the bookseller's in Great

Queen Street, and made me a present of Schrevelius's *Lexicon*. When he came down to Merton, he let me ride his horse. What days were those! Instead of being roused against my will by a bell, I jumped up with the lark, and strolled "out of bounds." Instead of bread and water for breakfast, I had coffee, and tea, and buttered toast: for dinner, not a hunk of bread and a modicum of hard meat, or a bowl of pretended broth; but fish, and fowl, and noble hot joints, and puddings, and sweets, and Guava jellies, and other West Indian mysteries of peppers and preserves, and wine; and then I had tea; and I sat up to supper like a man, and lived so well, that I might have been very ill, had I not run about all the rest of the day.

My strolls about the fields with a book were full of happiness: only my dress used to get me stared at by the villagers. Walking one day by the little river Wandle, I came upon one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld, standing in the water with bare legs, washing some linen. She turned as she was stooping, and showed a blooming oval face with blue

eyes, on either side of which flowed a profusion of flaxen locks. With the exception of the colour of the hair, it was like Raphael's own head turned into a peasant girl's. The eyes were full of gentle astonishment at the sight of me; and mine must have wondered no less. However, I was prepared for such wonders. It was only one of my poetical visions realised, and I expected to find the world full of them. What she thought of my blue skirts and yellow stockings is not so clear. She did not, however, taunt me with my "petticoats," as the girls in the streets of London would do, making me blush, as I thought they ought to have done instead. My beauty in the brook was too gentle and diffident; at least I thought so, and my own heart did not contradict me. I then took every beauty for an Arcadian, and every brook for a fairy stream; and the reader would be surprised if he knew to what an extent I have a similar tendency still. I find the same possibilities by another path.

I do not remember whether an Abbé Paris,

who taught my cousins French, used to see them in the country; but I never shall forget him in Ormond Street. He was an emigrant, very gentlemanly, with a face of remarkable benignity, and a voice that became it. He spoke English in a slow manner, that was very graceful. I shall never forget his saying one day, in answer to somebody who pressed him on the subject, and in the mildest of tones, that without doubt it was impossible to be saved out of the pale of the Catholic Church.

One contrast of this sort reminds me of another. My aunt Courthope had something growing out on one of her knuckles, which she was afraid to let a surgeon look at. There was a Dr. Chapman, a West Indian physician, who came to see us, a person of great suavity of manners, with all that air of languor and want of energy which the West Indians often exhibit. He was in the habit of inquiring, with the softest voice in the world, how my aunt's hand was; and coming one day upon us in the midst of dinner, and sighing forth his usual question, she gave it him over her

shoulder to look at. In a moment she shrieked, and the swelling was gone. The meekest of doctors had done it away with his lancet.

I had no drawback on my felicity at Merton, with the exception of an occasional pang at my friend's absence, and a new vexation that surprised and mortified me. I had been accustomed at school to sleep with sixty boys in the room, and some old night-fears that used to haunt me were forgotten. No Mantichoras there!—no old men crawling on the floor! What was my chagrin, when on sleeping alone, after so long a period, I found my terrors come back again!—not, indeed, in all the same shapes. Beasts could frighten me no longer; but I was at the mercy of any other ghastly fiction that presented itself to my mind, crawling or ramping. I struggled hard to say nothing about it; but my days began to be discoloured with fears of my nights; and with unutterable humiliation I begged that the footman might be allowed to sleep in the same room. Luckily, my request was attended to in the kindest and most reconciling manner. I was pitied for

my fears, but praised for my candour — a balance of qualities which, I have reason to believe, did me a service far beyond that of the moment. Samuel, who, fortunately for my shame, had a great respect for fear of this kind, had his bed removed accordingly into my room. He used to entertain me at night with stories of Barbados and the negroes; and in a few days I was reassured and happy.

It was then (oh, shame that I must speak of fair lady after confessing a heart so faint!)—it was then that I fell in love with my cousin Fan. However, I would have fought all her young acquaintances round for her, timid as I was, and little inclined to pugnacity.

Fanny was a lass of fifteen, with little laughing eyes, and a mouth like a plum. I was then (I feel as if I ought to be ashamed to say it) not more than thirteen, if so old; but I had read Tooke's Pantheon, and came of a precocious race. My cousin came of one too, and was about to be married to a handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty. I thought

nothing of this, for nothing could be more innocent than my intentions. I was not old enough, or grudging enough, or whatever it was, even to be jealous. I thought everybody must love Fanny Dayrell; and if she did not leave me out in permitting it, I was satisfied. It was enough for me to be with her as long as I could; to gaze on her with delight as she floated hither and thither; and to sit on the stiles in the neighbouring fields, thinking of Tooke's Pantheon. My friendship was greater than my love. Had my favourite school-fellow been ill, or otherwise demanded my return, I should certainly have chosen his society in preference. Three-fourths of my heart were devoted to friendship; the rest was in a vague dream of beauty, and female cousins, and nymphs, and green fields, and a feeling which, though of a warm nature, was full of fear and respect.

Had the jade put me on the least equality of footing as to age, I know not what change might have been wrought in me; but though too young herself for the serious duties she was about to bring on her, and full of sufficient

levity and gaiety not to be uninterested with the little black-eyed school-boy that lingered about her, my vanity was well paid off by hers, for she kept me at a distance by calling me *petit garçon*. This was no better than the assumption of an elder sister in her teens over a younger one; but the latter feels it, nevertheless; and I persuaded myself that it was particularly cruel. I wished the Abbé Paris at Jamaica with his French. There would she come in her frock and tucker (for she had not yet left off either), her curls dancing, and her hands clasped together in the enthusiasm of something to tell me, and when I flew to meet her, forgetting the difference of ages, and alive only to my charming cousin, she would repress me with a little fillip on the cheek, and say, "Well, *petit garçon*, what do you think of that?" The worst of it was, that this odious French phrase sat insufferably well upon her plump little mouth. She and I used to gather peaches before the house were up. I held the ladder for her; she mounted like a fairy; and when I stood doting on her as she looked

down and threw the fruit in my lap, she would cry, "*Petit garçon*, you will let 'em all drop!" On my return to school, she gave me a locket for a keepsake, in the shape of a heart; which was the worst thing she ever did to the *petit garçon*, for it touched me on my weak side, and looked like a sentiment. I believe I should have had serious thoughts of becoming melancholy, had I not, in returning to school, returned to my friend, and so found means to occupy my craving for sympathy. However, I wore the heart a long while. I have sometimes thought there was more in her French than I imagined; but I believe not. She naturally took herself for double my age, with a lover of three-and-twenty. Soon after her marriage, fortune separated us for many years. My passion had almost as soon died away; but I have loved the name of Fanny ever since; and when I met her again, which was under circumstances of trouble on her part, I could not see her without such an emotion as I was fain to confess to a person "near and dear," who forgave me for it; which made me

love the forgiver the more. Yes! the "black ox" trod on the fairy foot of my light-hearted cousin Fan; of her, whom I could no more have thought of in conjunction with sorrow, than of a ball-room with a tragedy. To know that she was rich and admired, and abounding in mirth and music, was to me the same thing as to know that she existed. How often did I afterwards wish myself rich in turn, that I might have restored to her all the graces of life! She was generous, and would not have denied me the satisfaction.

This was my first love. That for a friend's sister was my second, and not so strong; for it was divided with the admiration of which I have spoken for the Park music and "the soldiers." Nor had the old tendency to mix up the clerical with the military service been forgotten. Indeed, I have never been without a clerical tendency; nor, after what I have written for the genial edification of my fellow-creatures, and the extension of charitable and happy thoughts in matters of religion, would I be thought to speak of it without even a certain gravity, not compromised or turned

into levity, in my opinion, by any cheerfulness of tone with which it may happen to be associated ; for Heaven has made smiles as well as tears : has made laughter itself, and mirth ; and to appreciate its gifts thoroughly is to treat none of them with disrespect, or to affect to be above them. The wholly gay and the wholly grave spirit is equally but half the spirit of a right human creature.

I mooted points of faith with myself very early, in consequence of what I heard at home. The very inconsistencies which I observed round about me in matters of belief and practice, did but the more make me wish to discover in what the right spirit of religion consisted : while, at the same time, nobody felt more instinctively than myself, that forms were necessary to preserve essence. I had the greatest respect for them, wherever I thought them sincere. I got up imitations of religious processions in the school-room, and persuaded my coadjutors to learn even a psalm in the original Hebrew, in order to sing it as part of the ceremony. To make the lesson as easy as possible, it was the shortest of all the

psalms, the hundred and seventeenth, which consists but of two verses. A Jew, I am afraid, would have been puzzled to recognize it; though, perhaps, I got the tone from his own synagogue; for I was well acquainted with that place of worship. I was led to dislike Catholic chapels, in spite of their music and their paintings, by what I had read of Inquisitions, and by the impiety which I found in the doctrine of eternal punishment, —a monstrosity which I never associated with the Church of England, at least not habitually. But identifying no such dogmas with the Jews, who are indeed free from them (though I was not aware of that circumstance at the time), and reverencing them for their ancient connection with the Bible, I used to go with some of my companions to the synagogue in Duke's Place; where I took pleasure in witnessing the semi-Catholic pomp of their service, and in hearing their fine singing; not without something of a constant astonishment at their wearing their hats. This custom, however, kindly mixed itself up with the recollection of my cocked hat and band. I was not aware

that it originated in the immovable Eastern turban.

These visits to the synagogue did me, I conceive, a great deal of good. They served to universalize my notions of religion, and to keep them unbigoted. It never became necessary to remind me that Jesus was Himself a Jew. I have also retained through life a respectful notion of the Jews as a body.

He is Risen.

There were some school rhymes about "pork upon a fork," and the Jews going to prison. At Easter, a strip of bordered paper was stuck on the breast of every boy, containing the words "He is risen." It did not give us the slightest thought of what it

recorded. It only reminded us of an old rhyme, which some of the boys used to go about the school repeating :—

> " He is risen, He is risen,
> All the Jews must go to prison."

A beautiful Christian deduction! Thus has charity itself been converted into a spirit of antagonism ; and thus it is that the antagonism, in the progress of knowledge, becomes first a pastime and then a jest.

I never forgot the Jews' synagogue, their music, their tabernacle, and the courtesy with which strangers were allowed to see it. I had the pleasure, before I left school, of becoming acquainted with some members of their community, who were extremely liberal towards other opinions, and who, nevertheless, entertained a sense of the Supreme Being far more reverential than I had observed in any Christian, my mother excepted. My feelings towards them received additional encouragement from the respect shown to their history in the paintings of Mr. West, who was anything but a bigot himself, and who often

had Jews to sit to him. I contemplated Moses and Aaron, and the young Levites, by the sweet light of his picture-rooms, where everybody trod about in stillness, as though it were a kind of holy ground; and if I met a Rabbi in the street, he seemed to me a man coming, not from Bishopsgate or Saffron Hill, but out of the remoteness of time.

I have spoken of the distinguished individuals bred at Christ Hospital, including Coleridge and Lamb, who left the school not long before I entered it. Coleridge I never saw till he was old. Lamb I recollect coming to see the boys, with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side, between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease. His brown complexion may have been owing to a visit in the country; his air of uneasiness to a great burden of sorrow. He dressed with a Quaker-like plainness. I did not know him as Lamb: I took him for a Mr. "Guy," having heard somebody address him by that appellative, I suppose in jest.

The boy whom I have designated in these

notices as C——n, and whose intellect in riper years became clouded, had a more than usual look of being the son of old parents. He had a reputation among us, which, in more superstitious times, might have rendered him an object of dread. We thought he knew a good deal out of the pale of ordinary inquiries. He studied the weather and the stars, things which boys rarely trouble their heads with; and as I had an awe of thunder, which always brought a reverential shade on my mother's face, as if God had been speaking, I used to send to him on close summer days, to know if thunder was to be expected.

In connection with this mysterious schoolfellow, though he was the last person, in some respects, to be associated with him, I must mention a strange epidemic fear which occasionally prevailed among the boys respecting a personage whom they called the Fazzer.

The Fazzer was known to be nothing more than one of the boys themselves. In fact, he consisted of one of the most impudent of the bigger ones; but as it was his custom to

disguise his face, and as this aggravated the terror which made the little boys hide their own faces, his participation of our common human nature only increased the supernatural fearfulness of his pretensions. His office as Fazzer consisted in being audacious, unknown, and frightening the boys at night; sometimes by pulling them out of their beds; sometimes by simply *fazzing* their hair ("fazzing" meant pulling or vexing, like a goblin); sometimes (which was horriblest of all) by quietly giving us to understand, in some way or other, that the "Fazzer was out," that is to say, out of his own bed, and then being seen (by those who dared to look) sitting, or otherwise making his appearance, in his white shirt, motionless and dumb. It was a very good horror, of its kind. The Fazzer was our Dr. Faustus, our elf, our spectre, our Flibbertigibbet, who "put knives in our pillows and halters in our pews." He was Jones, it is true, or Smith; but he was also somebody else—an anomaly, a duality, Smith and sorcery united. My friend Charles Ollier should have written a book about him. He was our Old

Man of the Mountain, and yet a common boy.

One night I thought I saw this phenomenon under circumstances more than usually unearthly. It was a fine moonlight night; I was then in a ward the casements of which looked (as they still look) on the churchyard. My bed was under the second window from the east, not far from the statue of Edward the Sixth. Happening to wake in the middle of the night, and cast up my eyes, I saw, on a bed's head near me, and in one of these casements, a figure in its shirt, which I took for the Fazzer. The room was silent; the figure motionless; I fancied that half the boys in the ward were glancing at it, without daring to speak. It was poor C——n, gazing at that lunar orb, which might afterwards be supposed to have malignantly fascinated him.

Contemporary with C——n was Wood, before mentioned, whom I admired for his verses, and who was afterwards Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, where I visited him, and found him, to my astonishment, a head shorter than myself. Every upper boy

To face p. 238.

CHRIST CHURCH AND SOUTH FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL.

at school appears a giant to a little one. "Big boy" and senior are synonymous. Now and then, however, extreme smallness in a senior scholar gives a new kind of dignity, by reason of the testimony it bears to the ascendancy of the intellect. It was the custom for the monitors at Christ Hospital, during prayers before meat, to stand fronting the tenants of their respective wards, while the objects of their attention were kneeling. Looking up, on one of these occasions, towards a new monitor who was thus standing, and whose face was unknown to me (for there were six hundred of us, and his ward was not mine), I thought him the smallest boy that could ever have attained to so distinguished an eminence. He was little in person, little in face, and he had a singularly juvenile cast of features, even for one so *petit*.

It was Mitchell, the translator of *Aristophanes*. He had really attained his position prematurely. I rose afterwards to be next to him in the school; and from a grudge that existed between us, owing probably to a reserve, which I thought pride, on his part, and

to an ardency which he may have considered frivolous on mine, we became friends. Circumstances parted us in after-life: I became a Reformist, and he a Quarterly Reviewer; but he sent me kindly remembrances not long before he died. I did not know he was declining; and it will ever be a pain to me to reflect that delay conspired with accident to hinder my sense of it from being known to him; especially as I learned that he had not been so prosperous as I supposed. He had his weaknesses as well as myself, but they were mixed with conscientious and noble qualities. Zealous as he was for aristocratical government, he was no indiscriminate admirer of persons in high places; and, though it would have bettered his views in life, he had declined taking orders, from nicety of religious scruple. Of his admirable scholarship I need say nothing.

Equally good scholar, but of a less zealous temperament, was Barnes, who stood next me on the Deputy Grecian form, and who was afterwards identified with the sudden and striking increase of the *Times* newspaper in

fame and influence. He was very handsome when young, with a profile of Grecian regularity; and was famous among us for a certain dispassionate humour, for his admiration of the works of Fielding, and for his delight, nevertheless, in pushing a narrative to its utmost, and drawing upon his stores of fancy for intensifying it; an amusement for which he possessed an understood privilege. It was painful in after-life to see his good looks swallowed up in corpulency, and his once handsome mouth thrusting its under lip out, and panting with asthma. I believe he was originally so well constituted in point of health and bodily feeling, that he fancied he could go on, all his life, without taking any of the usual methods to preserve his comfort. The editorship of the *Times*, which turned his night into day, and would have been a trying burden to any man, completed the bad consequences of his negligence; and he died painfully before he was old. Barnes wrote elegant Latin verse, a classical English style, and might assuredly have made himself a name in wit and literature, had he cared much for

anything beyond his glass of wine and his Fielding.

What pleasant days have I not passed with him, and other school-fellows, bathing in the New River, and boating on the Thames! He and I began to learn Italian together; and anybody not within the pale of the enthusiastic, might have thought us mad, as we went shouting the beginning of Metastasio's Ode to Venus, as loud as we could bawl, over the Hornsey fields. I can repeat it to this day, from those first lessons.

"Scendi propizia
Col tuo splendore,
O bella Venere,
Madre d'Amore;
Madre d'Amore,
Che sola sei
Piacer degli uomini,
E degli dei."[1]

On the same principle of making invocations as loud as possible, and at the same time of fulfilling the prophecy of a poet, and also

[1] "Descend propitious with thy brightness, O beautiful Venus, Mother of Love;—Mother of Love, who alone art the pleasure of men and of gods."

for the purpose of indulging ourselves with an echo, we used to lie upon our oars at Richmond, and call, in the most vociferous manner, upon the spirit of Thomson to "rest."

> "Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
> When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
> And oft suspend the dashing oar
> To bid his gentle spirit rest."
> —COLLINS'S *Ode on the Death of Thomson.*

It was more like "perturbing" his spirit than laying it.

One day Barnes fell overboard, and, on getting into the boat again, he drew a little edition of Seneca out of his pocket, which seemed to have become fat with the water. It was like an extempore dropsy.

Another time, several of us being tempted to bathe on a very hot day, near Hammersmith, and not exercising sufficient patience in selecting our spot, we were astonished at receiving a sudden lecture from a lady. She was in a hat and feathers, and riding-habit; and as the grounds turned out to belong to the Margravine of Anspach (Lady Craven),

we persuaded ourselves that our admonitrix, who spoke in no measured terms, was her Serene Highness herself. The obvious reply to her was, that if it was indiscreet in us not to have chosen a more sequestered spot, it was not excessively the reverse in a lady to come and rebuke us. I related this story to my acquaintance, Sir Robert Ker Porter, who knew her. His observation was, that nothing wonderful was to be wondered at in the Margravine.

I was fifteen when I put off my band and blue skirts for a coat and neckcloth. I was then first Deputy Grecian, and I had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason, as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was, that I hesitated in my speech. I did not stammer half so badly as I used; and it is very seldom that I halt at a syllable now; but it was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the Church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be. So I put on my coat and waistcoat, and, what was

stranger, my hat; a very uncomfortable addi-

AN OLD CORNER.

tion to my sensations. For eight years I had gone bareheaded; save now and then a few

inches of pericranium, when the little cap, no larger than a crumpet, was stuck on one side, to the mystification of the old ladies in the streets. I then cared as little for the rains as I did for anything else. I had now a vague sense of worldly trouble, and of a great and serious change in my condition; besides which, I had to quit my old cloisters, and my playmates, and long habits of all sorts; so that what was a very happy moment to schoolboys in general, was to me one of the most painful of my life. I surprised my school-fellows and the master with the melancholy of my tears. I took leave of my books, of my friends, of my seat in the grammar-school, of my good-hearted nurse and her daughter, of my bed, of the cloisters, and of the very pump out of which I had taken so many delicious draughts, as if I should never see them again, though I meant to come every day. The fatal hat was put on; my father was come to fetch me.

"We, hand in hand, with strange new steps and slow,
Through Holborn took our meditative way."

SONNET

ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR COLLEGE

FAREWELL parental scenes! a sad farewell!
To you my grateful heart still fondly clings,
Though fluttering round on Fancy's burnish'd wings
Her tales of future Joy Hope loves to tell.
Adieu, adieu! ye much-loved cloisters pale!
Ah! would those happy days return again,
When 'neath your arches, free from every stain,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Dear haunts! where oft my simple lays I sang,
Listening meanwhile the echoings of my feet,
Lingering I quit you, with as great a pang,
As when erewhile, my weeping childhood, torn
By early sorrow from my native seat,
Mingled its tears with hers—my widow'd Parent lorn.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

1791.

NOTES

NOTES

Anthem for the Children of Christ's Hospital.

First printed in Coleridge's "Poetical Works," 1834. In the days of Coleridge the Easter anthems were invariably written by the head-master, but it so happens that the custom of entrusting their composition to a Grecian was afterwards adopted —in about 1837.

On Christ's Hospital, and the Character of the Christ's Hospital Boys (page 6).

This paper first appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (June 1813, and supplement to vol. lxxxiii. for January to June 1813, pp. 540 and 617). It was reprinted in the first collected edition of Lamb's "Prose and Verse" (C. and J. Ollier, 1818), under the title "Recollections of Christ's Hospital"—the opening paragraphs being omitted.

The immediate occasion of Lamb's essay cannot now be determined, but there can be no doubt that it was indirectly inspired by the case of Mr. Dawson Warren, Vicar of Edmonton, whose son had been admitted to the school about six years previously. This act was considered contrary to the spirit of the regulations, and bitterly discussed in the public press. Young Warren, however, was allowed to continue his course at school, until voluntarily withdrawn by his father in 1809, and a new form of presentation, containing more precise information as to means, &c., was drawn up, which has remained substantially unaltered until very recent years. Coleridge's article in the *Courier* on the same subject is printed below.

Mr. James Boyer (page 23).

This worthy schoolmaster, so vividly described by our three essayists, held his post from 1776 to 1799, and "long enjoyed the pleasurable consciousness of having advanced the credit and reputation of the school to a point which it had never reached before. He was not, indeed, possessed of any classic taste, or of any great depth of scholarship; but he had that acuteness of common-sense which is a far more essential qualification in the preceptor of youth" (Trollope).

William Wales (page 29).

Mr. Wales was elected to the mastership of the Mathematical School in 1775, when the pupils were in a most riotous and disorderly condition, a serious annoyance to the whole establishment. Dr. Trollope narrates the good effect of his severity. On one occasion his military bearing was of signal service to the Hospital. The Gordon rioters attempted an invasion, but were restrained by his firm and courageous remonstrances. He was master till his death in 1798.

Cots, or superior shoe-strings of the Monitors (page 34).

These, which have long fallen into disuse, were broad and silky, the ordinary shoe-laces being of leather.

Medals of the Markers (page 34).

See illustration. The office has died out.

Christ's Hospital Five-and-thirty Years ago (page 36).

This paper first appeared in the *London Magazine* for November 1820 (vol. ii. p. 483), and was reprinted in *Elia*, first series (Taylor and Hessey), 1823.

My own standing at Christ's (page 36).

Lamb is here, and throughout most of the essay, writing in the character of Coleridge, who was his contemporary. In his preface, "The Character of Elia," to the "Last Essays," Lamb refers to this paper, where "under the *first person* (his favourite figure) he [*i.e.*, Elia] shadows forth the forlorn state of a country boy placed at a London school, far away from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history."

Pitched leathern jack (page 37).

The jacks, or jugs, that have only lately gone out of use, were certainly, though pitched, made of *wood*. Probably Lamb's memory was here at fault.

Good old relative (page 38).

His Aunt Hetty. See the lines "Written on the Day of my Aunt's Funeral:"—

> "I have not forgot
> How thou didst love thy Charles, when he was yet
> A prating school-boy: I have not forgot
> The busy joy on that important day,
> When, childlike, the poor wanderer was content
> To leave the bosom of parental love,
> His childhood's play-place, and his early home,
> For the rude fosterings of a stranger's hand,
> Hard, uncouth tasks, and schoolboys' scanty fare.
> How did thine eye peruse him round and round,
> And hardly know him in his yellow coats,
> Red leathern belt, and gown of russet blue!"

Sweet Calne in Wiltshire (page 40).

I.e., Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire, the home of Coleridge. See *Frost at Midnight*.

L.'s governor (page 42).

The allusion is to Samuel Salt, well known to readers of Elia ("The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple"), to whom John Lamb, the father of Charles, was clerk and confidential servant for nearly forty years.

Strictly speaking, Lamb was presented by one Timothy Yeats; but he was a friend of Salt's, and the latter made himself responsible for the boy's discharge. See Form of Admission.

There was one H—— (page 43).

Hodges (Lamb's Key).

To feed our mind with idle portraiture (page 45).

Apparently an extemporised translation of the passage in Virgil, *animum picturâ pascit inani.*

——'twas said
He ate strange flesh (page 45).

"It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on."
—*Antony and Cleopatra*, I. 4.

The dungeons (page 48).

These cells were over the ancient Girls' Ward and the old Hall, not, as tradition supposed, underground.

Rev. Matthew Field (page 52).

Master from 1776 to 1796, when, "having obtained preferment in the Church of St. Paul's," he retired. He died in the August of that year.

Lancelot Pepys Stevens (page 59).

See L. Hunt's notice of him as a master.

Dr. T——e (page 59).

Dr. Trollope, afterwards head-master, and father of the author of the *History of Christ's Hospital.*

Th—— (page 60).

Thornton (Lamb's Key). Afterwards Right Honourable Sir Edward Thornton, C.B., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of Portugal and the Brazils.

Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards (page 61).

Richards was three years senior to Middleton. His "Aboriginal Britons" is alluded to in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Poor S—— (page 61).

"Scott, died in Bedlam" (Lamb's Key).

Ill-fated M——l (page 61).

"Maunde, dismiss'd school" (Lamb's Key).

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by (page 61).

For "Edward's" read "Stuart's." Prior's *Carmen Seculare* for 1700, stanza vii.

Come back into memory (page 61).

The personation of Coleridge is suddenly dropped.

C. V. Le G—— (page 62).

Charles Valentine Le Grice, for many years an intimate friend of Lamb's. He and Allen were one year junior to Coleridge.

The junior Le G—— and F—— (page 63).

Samuel Le Grice and Favell.

Fr—— (page 64).

Franklin.

Marmaduke T.—— (page 64).

Thompson.

The catalogue of Grecians in my time (page 64).

Lamb has omitted one name, that of William Wales, son of the mathematical master, whose standing was between Thornton and Middleton.

N.B.—Many of the names reappear in Hunt's "Recollections." The official record may be studied in A. W. Lockhart's careful *List of the Exhibitioners of Christ's Hospital*, 1566–1885. "Lamb's Key" is a list of the initials employed in the first series of "Elia," filled in with the real names by Lamb himself. It was formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Alexander Ireland, and is quoted in Canon Ainger's notes.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT (page 70).

In far other scenes (page 72).

When this poem was written, Coleridge had no prospect of living in the Lake Country, and he is therefore here speaking prophetically.

And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars (page 72).

Wordsworth refers in *The Prelude*, book vi., to Coleridge's habit of haunting the roof of Christ's Hospital :—

> "Of rivers, fields,
> And groves I speak to thee, my Friend ! to thee,
> Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths
> Of the huge city, on the leaded roof
> Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
> Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
> Moving in heaven ; or, of that pleasure tired,
> To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
> See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,
> Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
> Of a long exile."

FROM "BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA" (page 74).

Ne falleretur rotundo sono et versuum cursu, &c. (page 81).

"I presume this Latin to be Mr. Coleridge's own," says H. N. Coleridge—"not being able to find the passage in any other author, and believing that *incalescentia* is a good word not countenanced by any classical writer of Rome."

The Sonnets of Mr. Bowles (page 81).

Probably the second edition, published in 1789, containing twenty-one sonnets. The first, which appeared six months earlier, contained fourteen.

Dr. Middleton (page 82).

The future bishop left Christ's Hospital for Pembroke College, Cambridge, on September 26th, 1788. He published "The Country Spectator," and several theological works.

Qui laudibus amplis, &c. (page 83).

Petrarc. Epist. i. 1. Barbato Subnonensi.

Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate (page 85).

"Paradise Lost," ii. 559.

To Mr. Poole (page 87).

This is one of a series of five letters written by Coleridge to Thomas Poole, of Nether Stowey, during 1797, in which he proposed to give an account of his life up to that time. They were printed in the late H. N. Coleridge's "Biographical Supplement" to the second edition of *Biographia Literaria*, 1847.

The Autobiographic Note of 1832 (page 93).

In *Anima Poetæ from unpublished note-books of S. T. Coleridge*, 1895, the editor, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, states that "one of the latest note-books, an unfinished folio, contains the autobiographic note of 1832, portions of which were printed in Gillman's 'Life of Coleridge,' pp. 9–33, and a mass of unpublished matter, consisting mainly of religious exercises and Biblical Criticism."

"I had often pressed him to write some account of his early life, and of the various circumstances connected with it. But the aversion he had to read or write anything about himself was so great that I never succeeded, except in obtaining a few notes, rather than a detailed account."—Gillman's "Life of Coleridge," p. 9.

A singular incident (page 93).

"The incident," says Gillman, "indeed, was singular. Going down the Strand, in one of his day-dreams, fancying himself swimming across the Hellespont, thrusting his hands before

him as in the act of swimming, his hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket; the gentleman seized his hand, turning round and looking at him with some anger—"What! so young, and so wicked?" at the same time accused him of an attempt to pick his pocket. The frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the intention, and explained to him how he thought himself Leander, swimming across the Hellespont. The gentleman was so struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed to the library."

Of course I fell in love with the eldest (page 97).

To Allsop, in 1822, Coleridge wrote: "And, oh! from sixteen to nineteen what hours of paradise had Allen and I in escorting the Miss Evanses home on a Saturday, who were then at a milliner's, whom we used to think, and who I really believe was, such a nice lady. And we used to carry thither, on a summer morning, the pillage of the flower-gardens within six miles of town, with sonnet or love-rhyme wrapped round the nosegay." There is fairly conclusive evidence, however, that Coleridge's relations with both the Misses Evans during school and early college days were almost wholly fraternal. The story of his passion for Mary, the eldest, belongs to later years.

Full half the time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick-ward (page 97).

Gillman says that his ailments were largely owing to the state of his stomach, which was so delicate that the smell of leather in the school 'shoe-bin' made him faint.

TABLE TALK (page 98).

Specimens of the Table Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "committed to writing," so far as possible, "in his own words," by H. N. Coleridge. Third edition, 1851.

Crispin (page 98).

I.e., the shoemaker. Coleridge used to say that he thus "lost the opportunity of supplying safeguards to the understandings of those who perhaps will never thank me for what I am aiming to do in exercising their reason."—Gillman's "Life."

From the "Courier" (page 102).

Monday, July 15, 1811, reprinted in S. T. Coleridge's Essays on His own Times, 1850. Mr. Waithman's complaints were the occasion of much inconvenience to the authorities of the school, against whom there was apparently no very reasonable complaint. "It is a sufficient proof," says Dr. Trollope, "of the integrity with which the affairs of the Hospital are conducted, and of the strict accordance of its present objects with the spirit of the charter, that the result of these inquiries in no wise changed the course which had been uniformly and advisedly followed."

It will be noticed that Lamb's contentions on the subject are very similar to those of Coleridge.

Genevieve (page 108).

There was a tradition in Christ's Hospital that this poem was addressed to one of the nurses' daughters, who, according to Leigh Hunt, often attended the boys in sickness, and were admired by them. The date is Coleridge's own, and may very well be inexact. The poem is here printed from the earliest published version, which appeared in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* for November 1, 1794.

Letters from Christ's Hospital (page 109).

These were first published, as stated in the Preface, in the *Illustrated London News*, and are here reprinted by the permission of Mr. E. H. Coleridge and Mr. W. Heinemann.

SCHOOL-DAYS (page 124).

From Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography," in three vols., 1850.

There is a quadrangle with cloisters, &c. (page 141).

This description of the school buildings applies to the date at which Hunt was writing, long after his school-days.

Our dress (page 146).

J. Howes, whose account of the foundation of the Hospital is largely quoted in the Introduction to this volume, wrote also "Sundry Devices for Remedy" of abuses, among which we find :—

"I would have all the boys that are above eight years of age, to have doublets, breeches, and short coats, made according to the fashion of the time, for as the Lord hath made them perfect in their creation, so let there be no imperfection in their outward actions that may any way hinder their preferment, for apparel shapeth and manners maketh, and the eye must be pleased, always keeping your collars and watchets of blue."

The children were originally clothed in a livery of russet cotton. On the Easter of 1554 they attended the three annual sermons at St. Mary Spital, when they first adopted the blue coats. The dress, though somewhat resembling that of the ejected Friars, was probably, as Leigh Hunt conjectures, taken from the ordinary costumes of the children of that period.

There went a monstrous tradition, that at one period it consisted of blue velvet with silver buttons (page 146).

Arising, probably, from a study of the various portraits of the boy-founder, Edward VI., which hung about the school.

I believe he once wrote a play (page 159).

It was entitled "Vertummus and Pomona," a story handled by Hunt himself.

C——n (page 162).

William Ed. Cheslyn, who went to St. John's, Cambridge, and died young.

Rev. Mr. Steevens (page 170).

Mentioned by Lamb as one of the Grecians in his day.

Title of Erasmus (page 173).

According to Trollope, Hunt need not have feared Erasmus Smith, Esq. He says "doubtless these names originated in the circumstances that the *larger* and *smaller* colloquies of Erasmus were formerly read in the two classes respectively."

Little anonymous tract on the Art of Poking the Fire (page 177).

While at Trinity, Cambridge, Le Grice published "The Tineum, containing Estianomy, or the art of Stirring a Fire; the Icead, a mock-heroic poem, an imitation of Horace, Ep. i. lib. 1; Epigrams; a Fragment; &c.," 1794.

I took him for a Mr. "Guy" (page 235).

Le Grice told Talfourd the origin of this nickname, which was freely used by Lamb himself and his intimates of those days. In the first year of his clerkship at the India House, *i.e.*, 1792, Lamb spent the evening of November 5 with several old school-fellows, who, being amused by the particularly large and flapping brim of his round hat, pinned it up at the sides in the form of a cocked hat. Without undoing their work, Lamb set out with his usual sauntering gait to the Temple. In Ludgate Hill some gay youths, noting the strange figure, exclaimed, "The veritable Guy, no man of straw," and, seizing the gentle clerk, made a chair with their arms, and carried him to a post in St. Paul's Churchyard, where they left him.

I was then in a ward (page 238).

The building is still standing, and may be seen in our bird's-eye view, forming the south front of the Hospital.

SONNET ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR COLLEGE (page 247).

When 'neath your arches, free from every stain,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!

Compare, for a repetition of this idea, the opening lines of "To a Young Lady," with a poem on the "French Revolution."

"Much on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
I heard of guilt and wondered at the tale!"

As when erewhile, &c. (page 247).

"When I was first plucked up and transported from my birth-place and family, at the death of my dear father, whose revered image has ever survived in my mind, to make me know what the emotions and affections of a son are, and how ill a father's place is likely to be supplied by any other relation, Providence (it has often occurred to me) gave the first intimation that it was my lot, and that it was best for me to make or find my way of life a detached individual, a Terræ Filius, who was to ask love or service of no one on any more specific relation than that of being a man, and as such to take my chance for the free charities of humanity."—*Autobiographical Note, quoted by Gillman.*

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

The buildings, &c., are here all represented as they existed during the school-days of Lamb, Coleridge, or Leigh Hunt. They are taken from books or single prints in the British Museum or other libraries, and the collections of Mr. Lempriere and Mr. Coleman. The badges, &c., have been photographed, and the Beer Jack, &c., sketched by Miss Florence Reason, from originals preserved in the Hospital Museum. Miss Reason has also made sketches of a few architectural "bits" still surviving from last century.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. Frontispiece. Toms, sculp. From *History and Survey of London from its Foundation to the Present Time*, by W. Maitland, 1756.

In foreground of the print is South Front of the Hospital (designed by Wren, still standing), which is parallel to Newgate Street, the raised building to the left being "The Mathematical School." The courtyard immediately behind is called "The Garden," being surrounded by cloisters below the level of the court, over which are "The Hall," west; "Whittington's Library," north; wards, east; wards, south. Further north, at far end of the print, is the courtyard known as "The Ditch," beneath which the Town Ditch used to flow. The buildings around it are: "The Writing School," with steward's house projecting, west; houses on site occupied in 1793 by "The New Grammar School," north-east; entrance to Little Britain, east. East of "The Garden," parallel to the east cloisters, is Counting-House Yard, bound by the Counting-House (still standing). West of the Hall was "The New

Playground," bound by the Hall, east; "The Mathematical School," south; "The Old Grammar Schools," west; the "Refectory" of Greyfriars, over "The Creek," north.

EDWARD VI. SIGNING THE CHARTER. Facing xviii. From an engraving by G. Virtue in the museum of the Hospital.

The original, by Holbein, hangs in the court-room of the Royal Hospital of Bridewell. Edward is signing the charter of the three Hospitals—Christ's, St. Thomas', and Bridewell. The Lord Mayor, Sir George Barnes, and the two sheriffs (the one to the left, William Garret or Gerard, the other John Mainard), are represented as receiving the charter on their knees. The upper figure on the left, in a furred gown, is the Town Clerk, William Blackmore. The Prelate, on the King's right, bearing the Great Seal, is Thomas Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, who was also Lord Chancellor. The figure holding a roll and bag, on the King's left, is Sir Robert Bowes, Knight, and Master of the Rolls. The nobleman on his left, wearing Garter and Collar of the Order, is William, first Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain. The figure on the extreme right of the picture is Hans Holbein, the painter. Figures in the rear of Sir Robert Bowes and Lord Pembroke are Yeomen of the Guard, the charter having been signed in the royal palace of Whitehall.

The charter was dated June 26, 1553.

A SCHOLAR OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. Facing xxii. I. Unwins del. J. Agar, sculp. Published October 1, 1816. From the coloured plate in Ackermann's *History of Winchester*, &c. MDCCCXVI.

The cap, now altogether abandoned, never stood so high from the head as in this picture; which shows also the yellow petticoats formerly worn.

PULPIT IN HALL. On 11. SKETCH BY FLORENCE REASON.

Standing (in present and old Hall) under Verrio's picture, from which a Grecian reads Scripture and prayers before meals. The Sunday evening service has also been conducted here during the last twenty-five years.

LAMB MEDAL. Facing 14. From a photograph.

Founded in 1875, the centenary of Lamb's birth. Given for English Essays.

A PART OF GREYFRIARS. Facing 19. Drawn by I. Wichelo; engraved by J. Lambert; published Nov. 1, 1812.

South view of the "West Cloisters," standing on the north side of the New (now the Hall) Playground, at right angles to the Old Hall.

This was the Refectory of the conventual buildings. The passage under the cloisters was called "The Creek," extending from the cloister under the Hall to the staircases, of which one led to the old Grammar School.

THE MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL. Facing 30. Hooper Exc. Record Sculp., May 30, 1776.

This building stood at west end of South Front, its gateway forming at one time the west entrance to the Hospital. Over the said gateway stood a statue inscribed "Carolus II. Fundator, 1672." But the king did little more than sign the charter. This foundation owed much in early days to the zeal and energy of Pepys, and the building was erected in 1710, at the expense of Sir Robert Clayton (being sometimes called Clayton's School), who also rebuilt the South Front, Sir Christopher Wren being in both cases the architect.

PUBLIC SUPPER CANDLESTICK. On 32. SKETCH BY FLORENCE REASON.

Of these fine old carved wooden candlesticks each ward possesses four. On the occasions of the public suppers they light the tables, and are carried away in procession, with the table-cloths, crug-baskets, &c., by the boys; the smallest being always selected for the candlesticks.

MARKERS' MEDALS. Facing 35. From a photograph.

Monitors (in whom was vested the control of the boys in the wards—to some extent under nurses) were made markers, as a reward for good conduct. The marker was allowed to read

prayers in the ward, he heard the younger boys their catechism, and acted in many respects like a Sunday-school teacher. His functions are partially described on page 90.

The medals were worn on Sundays, and given to the boy on his leaving school. They were afterwards abolished, and, after many changes in its duties, the office itself has now died out.

BADGE OF THE KING'S BOYS. Facing 35. From a photograph.

Worn on the left shoulder by the King's Boys, the members of the Mathematical School destined for the navy. The three figures represent :—

(i.) *Arithmetic*, with a scroll in one hand, resting the other on a boy's head.

(ii.) *Geometry*, with a triangle.

(iii.) *Astronomy*, holding a quadrant in one hand, and a sphere in the other.

"A favouring wind blows upon a ship in full sail, and two guardian angels hover in a bright cloud above."

This badge is retained after leaving school, and was formerly a security against the wearer's being pressed, for which purpose it was probably first designed.

PIGGINS, ETC. On 37. SKETCH BY FLORENCE REASON.

Showing the wooden piggins from which the beer was drunk, no longer in use.

BEER JACK, ETC. On 39. SKETCH BY FLORENCE REASON.

The Jack, or jug, was of wood, bound with three iron bands, and thickly coated with tar. Of the platters here shown, the circular one, with a dip in the centre, was of more modern manufacture than the flat square one, and probably did not come into use until after Leigh Hunt's time.

DINING IN HALL. Facing 46. A. Pugin del. J. Stadier, sculp. From the coloured plate in *The History of the Colleges of Winchester, Eton, and Westminster, with the Charterhouse, the schools of St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow and Rugby, and the Free School of Christ's Hospital.* Printed for and published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand, MDCCCXVI.

This building stood on the west side of the garden. It was erected in 1680, at a cost of £5000, by Sir John Frederic, then

President of the Hospital, the Old Hall having fallen in decay from injuries received in the Great Fire. This room (which remained standing till 1827) was 130 feet long, 34 broad, and 44 high; with a magnificent arched window at the southern extremity, and five of smaller span along the east side.

The plate shows the boys kneeling for prayers, a nurse at the head of each table. On the left may be dimly seen the huge picture by Verrio, of the presentation of the children to Royalty, which "must originally," says A. P. Malcolm in his *Londinium Redivivum*, "have been in three parts; the centre on an end wall, and the two others on the adjoining sides. Placed thus, the perspective of the depth of the arches would have been right; as it is at present extended on one plane, they are exactly the reverse." At the far end may be noticed a portion framed off from the rest. This fell to pieces during the moving into the New Hall in 1827, and is no longer in existence. There was almost certainly a similar portion at the other end which shared its fate.

GRECIAN'S DESK. On 62. SKETCH BY FLORENCE REASON.

These stand in the large galleries of Christ Church, facing and overlooking the benches occupied by the rest of the boys.

WRITING AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS. On 77. Drawn and engraved by I. Greig for the *Walks through London*. Published by W. Clarke, New Bond Street, April 1, 1817. From *Walks through London*, by D. Hughson, 1817.

The Writing School and the steward's (now warden's) house are facing the spectator. The Grammar School stands to the right, and the square block between the two was inhabited in 1809 (and therefore probably in Lamb's time) by two masters.

AN OLD QUADRANGLE. Facing 80. Old print.

The building on the left is the Hall, that on the right being Whittington's Library.

THE SCHOOL AT HERTFORD. Facing 88. Augustus Fox, sculp. From *History of Christ's Hospital*, by Trollope.

This was founded in the early part of the seventeenth century, was not finally established or built till 1683–1695, at the cost of

more than £5000. The children have also two galleries in All Saints' Church.

It is at present used for the girls and smaller boys. A new-comer is told that the two figures of the entrance gateway represent two Bluecoat boys, of whom one killed the other, and is pointing in the direction of the gaol to which he was taken.

CARRYING THE CRUG-BASKET. On 91. SKETCH BY FLORENCE REASON.

In procession at the public suppers. Crug equals both bread and crust. Thus you may have a "crugy piece of crug," and if hungry may be called "crugy."

AN OLD STAIRCASE. On 96. From *Picturesque Sketches of London, Past and Present*, by Th. Miller. National Illustrated Library, 1852. The illustrations "carefully executed from original drawings."

Showing the entrance to the old cloister.

COLERIDGE MEMORIAL. Facing 98. From a photograph of the original bronze, designed by Barkenlin.

Subscribed for in 1872, the centenary of Coleridge's birth, and held in rotation by the ward in which most prizes have been gained during the year.

It illustrates a well-known incident in S. T. Coleridge's school career. He was discovered one day, the story goes, by Middleton—then a deputy Grecian—reading Virgil during play-hours.

M.—"Are you then studying your lesson?"

C.—"No, I am reading it for pleasure."

Middleton, struck with the reply, reported the matter to Boyer, who sent for Coleridge's own teacher, and inquired into the boy's abilities. He was told that he was "a dull and inapt scholar, who could not be made to repeat a single rule of syntax, although he would give a rule in his own way." Nothing deterred by this criticism, which he probably appreciated at its true significance, Boyer took special notice of Coleridge, and soon moved him under his own care.

THE WRITING SCHOOL. Facing 113. Drawn by T. H. Shepherd; engraved by W. Wallis. From *London and its Environs in the Nineteenth Century*. Illustrated by a series of views from original drawings, by Thomas H. Shepherd. Jones & Co., Temple of the Muses, 1829.

This building (which is still standing) was on the west side of the Ditch, at right angles to and adjoining Whittington's Library. It was designed by Wren. On the right is seen the steward's (now the warden's) house. Under the central statue is written "Anno Dom. 1694. This Writing School and stately building was begun and completely finished at the sole charge of Sir John Moore, Knt., and Lord Mayor of the city in the year MDCLXXXI., now President of this house, he having been otherwise a liberal benefactor to the same." The School was first established in 1577.

TABLET IN CLOISTERS. On 142. SKETCH BY FLORENCE REASON.

Still to be seen in "The Giffs." This "benefactor" was James St. Amand, who by his will, dated Aug. 9, 1749, gave "to Christ's Hospital a miniature, set in gold, being the portrait of his grandfather, John St. Amand, Esq., together with the residue of his estate, amounting to upwards of £8000, upon condition that the Treasurer shall give a receipt to his executors, and a promise never to alienate the said picture; and as often as a change of Treasurer takes place, every new treasurer shall send a written receipt and promise to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford." It was further required that the miniature should be annually shown to a deputation from Oxford, failing which the estate becomes forfeited to Oxford. It is annually produced at the "Picture Court," but it is seldom that any deputies from Oxford are present.

A BLUE, page 147. From *Walks through London*, by G. A. Cooke, 1832.

CHRIST CHURCH. Facing 151. F. Mackenzie del. D. Havell, sculp. Published Sept. 1, 1816. From the coloured plate in Ackermann's *History of Winchester, &c.*, 1816.

Although said to be the largest parish church in London, the present building is only the choir of the conventual foundation,

which extended over the present burial-ground in front of the Hospital, and measured 300 feet by 89 feet, and was 74 feet high. It was completed in 1327, having taken twenty-one years to erect.

THE TWELVES. Facing 154.

Worn on the right shoulder by the boys, always twelve in number, on Stone's foundation. They form a preparatory class to the King's Boys, and share their privileges. Mr. Henry Stone, the founder, had endowed the school during his lifetime, and left the main bulk of his personal and real estate to the Hospital in 1693.

THE TWOS. Facing 154.

Worn by the two boys on Stock's foundation, who, though belonging in practice to the Mathematical School, have not the official position of King's Boys. They were children of deceased lieutenants in the navy, being provided for in the will of John Stock, Esq., 1780.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Facing 163. Old print. Probably an unsigned impression of one marked J. Wells del. Rawle, sculp., 1809.

This building stood at the north-east of the Ditch, facing south. It was opened in 1793, and therefore standing in Leigh Hunt's time. Coleridge and Lamb must have worked in the older building, which formed the west boundary of "New Playground," standing parallel to the Hall. The "New Grammar School," as it was then called, consisted of "the under school, a noble room, occupying the entire height of the building; and over the upper school, of much smaller dimensions, another of the same size, set apart for the boys on Travers' foundation." These were sons of lieutenants in the navy, afterwards merged into the Royal Mathematical School. The dry rot got into this erection, which had to come down in 1815, when the reorganisation of the school began.

THE GIFFS. Facing 174. From a water-colour in the British Museum, by John Wykeham Archer.

Being the interior of south side of the Garden, showing the only portion of old cloisters still (in 1896) standing. The rooms over the cloisters were wards (in one of which Leigh Hunt slept, under

a window looking over the burial-ground, see p. 237), now used for the Modern School (or 4th Form) rooms, and a Band Room over it.

I have used the name "Giffs" for convenience, though it is comparatively modern, being derived from a beadle named George Fuller, who retired in 1852, after upwards of forty years' service. He was nicknamed "Jiff" from his frequent use of the phrase, "in a jiff."

WHITTINGTON'S LIBRARY. Facing 179. Henry Shaw, sculp. From *History of Christ's Hospital*, by Trollope.

This building formed the north side of the Garden. The Old Hall can also be seen on the left.

The Library was founded by Sir Richard, of famous memory, in the time of the Friars. He laid the first stone October 21, 1421. Within three years it was completed and furnished with books, being a handsome room, 129 feet by 31 feet, wainscoted throughout, and fitted with neatly carved shelves, twenty-eight desks, and eight double settees. The Lord Mayor gave also £400 for books.

The building contained wards in Lamb's time.

THE ANNUAL ORATION. Facing 190. Painted by T. Stothard, R.A., in the year 1799; engraved by J. G. Walker. Dedicated by the engraver to the Right Hon. Wm. Heygate, M.P., Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, the President, Treasurer, and Governors of Christ's Hospital. London, Dec. 1822. Published, as the Act directs, by Hurst, Robinson & Co., R. Lamb, T. Clay, R. Ackermann, and J. G. Walker.

The Annual Oration in the Great Hall on St. Matthew's Day, 1798.

There is also in the Court Room a key to the figures, from which we learn that the reverend gentleman in gown, wig, and bands, standing on the right, against the platform and just behind the Grecian speaking, is James Boyer. The Grecian is John Wood, mentioned by Leigh Hunt, pp. 190 and 238, and behind him stands W. E. Cheslyn, see pp. 162 and 238. The remaining figures are guests, governors and their friends, of City fame.

PASSAGE TO THE HALL. On 195. Drawn and engraved by J. and H. S. Storer for the Portfolio. Published by Sherwood & Co., August 1, 1823.

HE IS RISEN. On 233. From a photograph of a badge, lent by Mr. Coleman.

A paper badge which used to be pinned across the left breast of the coat, on Easter Tuesday, when the boys went to the Mansion House and to Christ Church.

CHRIST CHURCH, AND SOUTH FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL. Facing 238. Drawn by T. H. Shepherd; engraved by W. Wilkinson. From *London and its Environs in the Nineteenth Century*. Illustrated by a series of views from original drawings by Thomas H. Shepherd. Jones & Co., Temple of the Muses, 1829.

The buildings on the right are the backs of houses in Newgate Street.

OLD CORNER. On 245. Engraved by E. I. Roberts, from a drawing by I. Wichelo for the *Walks through London;* published by W. Clarke, New Bond Street, Nov. 1, 1816. From *Walks through London*, by David Hughson, 1817.

Showing the north side of Whittington's Library, and a portion of the Writing School.

PORTRAITS

These are in each case the earliest extant, being chosen as the nearest in date to school-days.

LAMB. By Hancock of Bristol, 1798, *ætat* 23. Facing p. 3. From an engraving by R. Woodman done for Cottle's Reminiscences of Coleridge.

The original chalk drawing hangs in the National Portrait Gallery.

COLERIDGE. By Peter Vandyck, 1795, *ætat* 23. Facing p. 67. From an engraving by R. Woodman.

The original hangs in the National Portrait Gallery.

LEIGH HUNT. By R. Bowyer, 1801, *ætat* 17. Facing p. 121. From an engraving by Parker for his *Juvenilia*.

FORMS OF ADMISSION

LAMB, p. 5. COLERIDGE, p. 69. LEIGH HUNT, p. 123. From the original papers preserved in the Hospital.

It will be noticed that in Lamb's case, the usual bond signed by the minister, &c., is missing, the Temple being extra-parochial. Its place was supplied by a written bond, to practically the same effect, signed by Sam Salt (well-known name to readers of *Elia*), "in the penal sum of one hundred pounds."

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